A Miscellany of English Prose

A. A. KHAN
M. M. ANWAR

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EDITED BY

ASHFAQUE ALI KHAN, M.A.

Principal, Government College, Campbellpur

AND

M. M. ANWAR, M.A.

Senior Lecturer, Government College, Lahore

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PERSONAL STYLE

J. A. Symonds

A survey of language, however superficial, makes it evident that when we speak of style we have to take into account those qualities of national character which are embodied in national speech. If two men could be born of precisely the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at precisely the same moment of history, and under precisely the same social conditions: and if these men learned different languages in the cradle, and used those languages in after life, they would be unable to deliver exactly the same message to the world through literature. The dominant qualities of each mother-tongue would impose definite limitations on their power of expressing thoughts, however similar or identical those thoughts might be.

We cannot conceive two men born with the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at the same moment; under precisely the same conditions, and using the same language. They would be identical; and everything they uttered would be clothed with exactly the same words. The absurdity of this conception brings home to us the second aspect of style. Style is not merely a sign of those national qualities which are generic to established

languages. and which constitute the so-called genius of a race. It is also the sign of personal qualities, specific to individuals, which constitute the genius of a man. Whatever a man utters from his heart and head is the index of his character. The more remarkable a person is, the more strongly he is differentiated from the average of human beings, the more salient will be the characteristic notes of his expression. But even the commonest people have, each of them, a specific style. The marks of difference become microscopical as we descend from Dante or Shakespeare to the drudges of the clerk's desk in one of our great cities. Yet these marks exist, and are no less significant of individuality than the variations between leaf and leaf upon the lime-trees of an avenue.

It may be asked whether the manner of expression peculiar to any person is a complete index to his character—whether, in other words, there is 'an art to find the mind's construction' in the style not altogether and exhaustively. Not all the actions and the utterances of an individual betray the secret of his personality. You may live with men and women through years, by day, by night yet you will never know the whole about them. No human being knows the whole about himself.

The deliberate attitude adopted by a literary writer implies circumspection ; invites suppression, reservation, selection ; is compatible with affectations, dissimulation, hypocrisy. So much cannot be claimed for critical analysis as that we should pretend to reproduce a man's soul after close examina-

tion of his work. What we may assert with confidence is that the qualities of style are intimately connected with the qualities and limitation of the writer, and teach us much about him. He wrote thus and thus, because he was this or this. In the exercise of style it is impossible for anyone to transcend his inborn and acquired faculties of ideation, imagination, sense-perception, verbal expression—just as it is impossible in the exercise of strength for an athlete to transcend the limits of his physical structure, powers of innervation, dexterity, and courage. The work of art produced by a writer is therefore of necessity complexioned and determined by the inborn and acquired faculties of the individual. This is what we mean by the hackneyed epigram: '*Le Style c'est l'homme.*'

II

Certain broad distinctions of moral and emotiona temperament may undoubtedly be detected in literary style. A tendency toward exaggeration, toward self-revelation, toward emphasis upon the one side; a tendency to reserve, to diminished tone in colouring, to parsimony of rhetorical resource upon the other; these indicate expansiveness or reticence in the writer. Victor Hugo differs by the breadth of the whole heavens from Leopardi. One man is ironical by nature, another sentimental. Sterne and Heine have a common gift of humour but the quality of humour in each case is conditioned by sympathetic or by caustic undercurrents of emotion. Sincerity and affectation, gaiety and melancholy, piety and scepticism, austerity and sensuality penetrate style so subtly and unmistakably

that a candid person cannot pose as the mere slave of convention, a boon companion cannot pass muster for an anchorite, the founder of a religious set cannot play the part of an agnostic. In dramatic work the artist creates characters alien from his own personality, and exhibits people widely different from himself acting and talking as they ought to do. This he achieves by sympathy and intuition. Yet all except the very greatest fail to render adequately what they have not felt and been. In playwrights of the second order, like our Fletcher, or of the third order, like our Byron, the individual who writes the tragedy and shapes the characters is always apparent under every mask he chooses to assume. And even the style of the greatest, their manner of presenting the varieties of human nature, betrays individual peculiarities. Aeschylus sees men and women differently from Sophocles, Corneille from Racine, Shakespeare from Goethe.

In like manner the broad distinctions of mental temperament may be traced in style. The abstract thinker differs from the concrete thinker in his choice of terms ; the analytical from the synthetic : the ratiocinative from the intuitive ; the logical from the imaginative ; the scientific from the poetical. One man thinks in images, another in formal propositions. One is diffuse, and gets his thought out by reiterated statement. Another makes epigrams, and finds some difficulty in expanding their sense or throwing light upon them by illustrations. One arrives at conclusions by the way of argument. Another clothes assertion with the tropes and mataphors of rhetoric.

The same is true of physical and aesthetical qualities. They are felt inevitably in style. The sedentary student does not use the same figures of speech as come naturally to the muscular and active lover of field sports. According as the sense for colour, or for sound, or for light, or for form shall preponderate in a writer's constitution, his language will abound in references to the world, viewed under conditions of colour, sound, light, or form. He will insensibly dwell upon those aspects of things which stimulate his sensibility and haunt his memory. Thus, too, predilections for sea or mountains, for city-life or rural occupations for flowers, precious stones, scents, birds, animals, insects, different kinds of food, torrid or temperate climates, leave their mark on literary style.

Acquired faculties and habits find their expression in style no less than inborn qualities. Education, based upon humanism or scientific studies ; contact with powerful personalities at an impressible period of youth ; enthusiasm aroused for this or that great masterpiece of literature ; social environment ; high or low birth ; professional training for the bar, the church, medicine, or commerce ; life in the army, at sea, upon a farm, and so forth, tinge the mind and give a more or less perceptible colour to language.

The use of words itself yields, upon analysis, valuable results illustrative of the various temperaments of authors. A man's vocabulary marks him out as of this sort or that sort—his preference for certain syntactical forms, for short sentences or for periods, for direct or inverted propositions, for plain or figurative statement,

for brief or amplified illustrations. Some compose sentences, but do not build paragraphs—like Emerson; some write chapters, but cannot construct a book. Nor is punctuation to be disregarded, in as much as stops enable us to measure a writer's sense of time-values, and the importance he attaches to several degrees of rest and pause.

III

It is impossible to do more than indicate some of the leading points which illustrate the meaning of the saying that style is the man; anyone can test them and apply them for himself. We not only feel that Walter Scott *did not* write like Thackeray, but we also know that he *could not* write like Thackeray, and vice versa. This impossibility of one man producing work in exactly the same manner as another makes all deliberate attempts at imitation assume the form of parody or caricature. The sacrifice of individuality involved in scrupulous addiction to one great master of Latin prose, Cicero, condemned the best stylists of the Renaissance—men like Muretus—to lifeless, and eventually worthless, production. Meanwhile the exact psychology is wanting which would render our intuitions regarding the indissoluble link between style and personal character irrefutable.

Literary style is more a matter of sentiment, emotion, involuntary habits of feeling and observing constitutional sympathy with the world and men, tendencies of curiosity and liking, than of the pure intellect. The style of scientific works, affording little scope for the exercise of these psychological elements, throws less light upon

their authors' temperament than does the style of poems, novels, essays, books of travel, descriptive criticism. In the former case all that need be aimed at is lucid exposition of fact and vigorous reasoning. In the latter the fact to be stated, the truth to be arrived at, being of a more complex nature, involves a process akin to that of the figurative arts. The stylist has here to produce the desired effect by suggestions of infinite subtlety, and to present impressions made upon his sensiblity.

Autobiographies, epistolary correspondence, notes of table-talk, are of the highest value in determining the correlation between a writer's self and his style. We not only derive a mass of information about Goethe's life from Eckermann, but we also discover from those conversations in how true a sense the style of Goethe's works grew out of his temperament and experience. Gibbon and Rousseau, Alfieri and Goldoni, Samuel Johnson in his *Life* by Boswell, John Stuart Mill in his autobiographical essay, Petrarch in his *Secretum* and fragment of personal confessions, have placed similar keys within our reach for unlocking the secret of their several manners.

The rare cases in which men of genius have excelled in more than one branch of art are no less instructive. Michelangelo the sonnet-writer helps us to understand Michelangelo the sculptor, Rossetti the painter throws light on Rossetti the poet ; William Blake the lyrist upon William Blake the draughtsman. We find, on comparing the double series of work offered by such eminent and exceptionally gifted individuals, that their

styles in literature and plastic art possess common qualities ,which mark the men and issue from their personalities. Michelangelo in the sonnets is as abstract, as ideal, as form-loving, as indifferent to the charm of brilliant colour, as neglectful to external nature as Michelangelo in his statues and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Rossetti's pictures, with their wealth of colour, their elaborate execution, their sharp incisive vision, their deep imaginative mysticism and powerful perfume of intellectual sensuousness, presnt a close analogue to his ballads, sonnets, and descriptive poems. With these and similar instances in our mind, we are prepared to hear that Victor Hugo designed pictures in the style of Gustave Dore ; nor would it surprise us to discover that Gustave Dore had left odes or fiction in the manner of Victor Hugo.

The problems suggested by style as a sign and in dex of personality may be approached from many points of view. I have not aimed at exhaustiveness even of suggestion in my treatment of the topic ; and while saying much which will appear perhaps trivial and obvious, have omitted some of the subtler and more interesting aspects of the matter.

OF FRIENDSHIP

Francis Bacon

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.* For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinking cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*; because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is

in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness : and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body ; and it is not much otherwise in the mind : you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain ; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak ; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes ; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation.

the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum*: for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; *for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting*. With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica*, "witch", as if he had enchanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as, when he con-

sulted with Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia. Maecenas took the liberty to tell him, *that he must eith r marrv hts daughter to Agrippa, or take away his lif. ; there was no third way, he had made him so gr at.* With Tiberias Caesar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Haec pro amiticia nostra non occul a;* and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimus Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus ; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son ; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words : *I love the man so well, as I wish he mav over-live me.* Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature ; but being men so wise, for such strength and severity of mird, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire : and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews ; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten, what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy ; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most.

Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time *that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding*. Surely Comideus might have made the some judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: *Cor ne edito*. "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests: but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and con-

fusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend ; but before you come to that, certain it is thct whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another ; he tosseth his thoughts more easily ; he marshalleth them more orderly ; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words ; finally he waxeth wiser than himself ; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *that speech was like cloth cf arras, opened and put abroad, wher by the imagery doth appear in figure ; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.* Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best) ; even without that a man learned of himself and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, then to suffer his thoughts to pass in smocher.

Add now, to make this second friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation ; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enign as, *Dry light is ever the best* and certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and

judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in bealth is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour*. As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arms as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when

all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight And if any think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces—asking counsel in one business of one man and in other of another man...it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind: and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here

the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, *that a friend is another himself*; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart: the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath as it were two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend s mouth which are blushing in a man's own. So again a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

Thomas Fuller

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence, schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in

this. But God, of His goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of Church and State, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books ; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures and reduce them all--saving some few exceptions to these generals rulles :

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death ; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their school-fellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they

are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod—to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their

master's jurisdiction—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholar's flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shape of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence ; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis*, And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping ; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar—such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront

of rogues—to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness—however privately charitable unto him—lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars after their studying in the university preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is in no way pedantical in carriage or discourse ; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly School, in the same country, but because he was the first that did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker ? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

OF NATURAL FOOLS

Thomas Fuller

They have the cases of men, and little else of them besides speech and laughter. And indeed it may seem strange that *risible* being the property of man alone' they who have least of man should have most thereof, laughing without cause or measure.

1. *Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool:* and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion: or else it is stamped on the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

2. Yet *some by their faces may pass current, enough, till they cry themselves down by their speaking.* Thus men know the bell is cracked when they hear it tolled; yet some that have stood out the assault of two or three questions, and have answered pretty rationally, have afterwards of their own accord betrayed and yielded themselves to be fools.

3. *The oaths and railing of fools is oftentimes no fault of theirs, but their teachers.* The Hebrew word, *barac* signifies to bless and to curse; and it is the speaker's pleasure if he use it in the worst acceptation. Fools of themselves are equally capable to pray

and to swear; they therefore have the greater sin who, by their example or otherwise, teach them so to do.

4. *On may get wisaom by looking on a fool.* In beholding him, think how much thou art beholden to Him that suffered thee not to be like him. Only God's pleasure put a difference betwixt you. And consider that a fool and wise man are alike both in the starting-place, their birth, and at the post, their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.

5. *It is unnatural to laugh at a natural.* How can the object of thy pity be the object of thy pastime? I confess sometimes the strangeness, and, as I may say, witty simplicity of their actions, may extort a smile from a serious man, who at the same time may smile at them, and sorrow for them. But it is one thing to laugh at them *in transitu,* a snap and away, and another to make a set meal in jeering them, and as the Philistines, to send for Samson to make them sport.

6. *To make a trade of laughing at a fool, is the high way to become one.* Tully confesseth that whilst he laughed at one Hircus, a very ridiculous man, *dum illum rideo pene factus sum ille.* And one telleth us of Gallus, Vibius, a man first of great eloquence, and afterwards of great madness, which seized not on him so much by accident as his own affectation, so long mimically imitating madmen, that he became one.

7. *Many have been the wise speeches of fools, though not so many cn the foolish speeches of wise men.* Now the wise speeches of these silly souls proceed from one of these reasons; either because talking much,

and shooting often, they must needs hit the mark sometimes, though not by aim, by hap : or else, because a fool's *mediocriter* is *optime* : sense from his mouth, a sentence : and a tolerable speech cried up for an apophthegm : or lastly, because God may sometimes illuminate them, and, especially towards their death, admit them to the possession of some part of reason. A poor beggar in Paris being hungry stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up of meat, till his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric covetous cook damanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and the controversy was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determind that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat. And this is affirmed by credibe writers, as no fable, but an undoubted fact. More waggish was that of a rich landed fool, whom a courtier had begged and carried about to wait on him. He coming with his master to a gentleman's house where the picture of a fool was wrought in a fair suit of arras, cut the picture out with a penknife. And being chidden for so doing : *You have more cause*, said, he, *to thank me, for if my master had seen the picture of the fool, he would have begged hangings of the king, as he did my lands*, When the standers-by comforted a natural who lay on his death-bed, and

told him that four proper fellows should carry his body to the church ; Yea quoth he, *but I had rathar bv half go thither mys:lf ;* and then prayed God at his last gasp not to require more of him than he gave him

As for a changeling, who is not one child changed for another, but one child on a sudden much changed from itself : and for a jester, which some count a necessary evil in a court, an office which none but he that hath wit can perform, and none but he that wants wit will perfrom, I conceive them not to belong to the present subject.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

Sir Richard Steele

Haec alii sex

Et plures, uno conclamant ore—

The first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great Grand-father was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir Roger. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Sohosquare*. It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in Love, by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson*

in a public Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*: that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago gain'd universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple*; a man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much

better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump; He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Arguments of each of the Orations of *Remosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critic, and the time of the Play is his Hour of Business: exactly at five he passes thro *New Inn*, crosses thro' *Dussel Court*, and takes a turn at *Will's* till the play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber s as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong

Reason, a great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is. "A Penny saved is a Penny got." A General Trader of good Sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho'at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some Years a

Captain and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Seiges ; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even Regular Behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through Crowds, who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his Way of Talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or inquiring in it : For says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come to him : Therefore he will conclude that the Man who would make a Figure, espceially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all bis Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnished him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agree-

able to the Company; for he is never overbearing though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him: nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his Years should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person always had a very easy Fortune. Time has made but very little impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turn'd, of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French King's* Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; and whose Vanity to show her Foot made Petticoats so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such an Occasion, he will tell you when Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a Glance or a Blow of a Fan

from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the Present Lord such-a-one. This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn: and I find there is not one of the Company but myself, who rarely, speak at all, but speaks of him as that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophic Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes, when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topic, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions.

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW

Sir Richard Steele

—Hearent infixi pectore vultus

In my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir Roger had met with in his Youth, which was no less than a Disappointment in Love It happened this Evening that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House : As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old Man, looking round him with a Smile, "very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did : and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her ; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees : so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love to attempt the removing of their Passions by the Methods which serve only to

inprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World."

Here followed a profound Silence ; and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause, he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my *Idea* of him above what I had ever had before ; and gave me the Picture of that cheerful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke, which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

"I came to my Estate in my Twenty second Year and resolved to follow the Steps of the most worthy of my Ancestors, who have inhabited this spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the Sake of my Fame ; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the Sake of my Health. In my Twenty third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County : and in my Servants, Officers, and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that public Occasion of showing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to your self what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Music before me, a Feather in my Hat and my Horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows, as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But

when I came there, a beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court, to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered her self from one Eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistsul in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrian to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised Booby : and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated Calf as I was, Make Way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Trial, she behaved her self, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Counsel, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge

themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship: She is always accompanied by a Confident, who is witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERELY was the tamest and most human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the Strength of this Slender Encouragement of being thought least detestable. I made new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from thence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater share of knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm herself with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of

Desire, it is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that composure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility ; at the same Time she placed her self be to first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philosopher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particulars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aide of hers turning to her says, I am very glad to observe Sir ROGER pauses upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that Time thrown me very often in her Way, and she as often has directed

a Discourse to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature——. But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed: but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me she put her Hand to her Bosom and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: Her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public Table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eyes of all the Gentleman in the Country: She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition; for as her Speech is Music, her form is Angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her: but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men!"

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency

which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render into *English*, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur* I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo:
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Caenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Naevia: si non sit Naevia, mufus erit,
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
Naavia lux, inquit, Naevia numen, ave.

Let Rufus *weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,*
Till he can nothing but of Naevia *talk;*
Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,
Till he must speak of Naevia *or be mute.*
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line.
I am, my Lovely Naevia, *ever thine,*

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

Samuel Johnson

To The Rambler

Sir,

Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the deposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope ; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation and has never hardened his front in public life, or, accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himsalf to be driven by a burst of laughter from the fortreses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm's thread : and the astronomer of relating the repidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating

to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient structures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, and is scarcely to be found in any single intellect: or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised againt them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest storeys has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation; why else were the Muses stationed on Olympus or Parnassus by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras, "When the wind blows, worship its echo." This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated

in the age of Augustus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to this Pythagorean precept.

Quam juvat immites vontos audire cubantem—
Aut ; gelidas hy bernus aqus cum fuderit
auster, Securum somnos, impre juvante, sequi !
How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours.
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing showers !

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of *Lucretius*, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man who looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him.

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena ;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errate, atque viam palanteis quaerere vitae.
'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied.
And all the magazines of learning fortified :
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind. (DRYDEN)

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time ; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet ; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established.

Causa latet ; res est notissima.
The cause is secret, but the effect is known. (ADDISON)

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious inquirer. Some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented ; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect, that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements ; and some, yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects. and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinent.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well chosen garret ; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the

mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient elements. The effccts of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of *Hippocrates* ; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dullness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted ; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation ; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension, and laxity. If

he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted. I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favourable to his intellect, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer than that he who towers to the fifth storey is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the groundfloor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our langour by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret,

which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads, even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretaeus was rational in no other place but his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the centre so necessary to a just estimate of intellectuel abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded, so expensive an experiment I would propose, that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower, might compose tables of interest at a certain depth, and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes, that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate in some lines of his Georgic: so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the

height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret ; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

Hypertatus

THE DISTRESSES OF A COMMON SOLDIER

Oliver Goldsmith

The misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers : they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet, where is magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on ? Men in such circumstances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who in the vale of obscurity can brave adversity—who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great ; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded ; though some undergo more real hardships in one day, than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day to him is a day of misery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of

tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride! Their severest distresses are pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain, without murmuring. These may eat, drink, and sleep; have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation: and, after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me.

"My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or

where I was born ; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third : till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters ; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

"Here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away : but what of that ? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door and that was enough for me.

"I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late ; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it : well, what will you have on't ? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the Justice himself met me : he called me a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation ; but though I gave a very long account, the Justice said I

could give no account of myself ; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate, in order to be transported to the plantations.

"People may say this and that of being in gaol ; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a Place as ever I was in all my life. I had my bellyfull to eat and drink, and did no work ; but, alas ! this kind of life was too good to last for ever, I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast, for want of sweet air and provisions ; but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way. Providence was kind : when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years, and as I was no scholar—for I had forgot my letters—I was obliged to work among the negroes; and served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. O liberty ! liberty ! liberty ! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond cnce more ; so I did not much care to go into country, but kept about town ; and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time ; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a pressgang ; I was carried before Justice, and as I could give no

account of myself (that was the thing that always hobbled me) I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier ; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns in flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged ; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a Landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles ; and verily believe, that if I could read and write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune ; I soon fell sick, and when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war, so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money, but the government wanted men, and I was pressed again, before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow : he swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I shammed Abraham merely to be idle. God knows, I knew noting of sea business : he beat me without considering what he was about. But stlll my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating : the money was my comfort, and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all.

"Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a gaol ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me. for I was seasoned. One night, however, as I was sleeping on a bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to be well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains ?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.'—'Then follow me, says he, 'and I hope we shall do business' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. We had no arms; but one Englishman is able to beat five Frenchmen at any time ; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands ; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man-of-war, of forty guns while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately we lost almost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old goal

in Brest ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almost forgot to tell you that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places,—I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance : one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed bc God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French and Justice of Peace."

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content ; nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

Charles Lamb

The human species, according to the best theory, I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and the *men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites", flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious ; contrasting with the open, trusting generous manner of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff – Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four !

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower ! what rosy gills ! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies ! What contempt for money—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross !

What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* ! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective !—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one-half of the principle at least !—

He is the true taxer who "calleth all the world up to be taxed" ; and the distance is as vast beteween him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute—pittance at Jerusalem !—His exactions too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air ! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces ! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt ; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the clock of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended ! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth.' The sea which takes handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom be deligtheth to honour, struggles with destiny ; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly,as it were half-ways.

Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a nobly enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening: dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which with the noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race,* he took almost immediate measure entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing for there, is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings).

> To slacken virtue, and abate her edge.
> Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress through out this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquintance with

us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries ; feeders of his exchequer ; gentlemen, his good friends (as he as pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did in no way disconert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them ; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer that three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—inscrutable cavities of the earth ;—or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waving for a while my theory as to

the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at time have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse such a one as Iam describing, than to say no to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you, that he expects nothing better ; and, therefore, whose preconceived notices and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man : his fiery glow of heart ; his swell of feeling ; how magnificent, how ideal he was, how great at the midnight hour ; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon ; I mean you *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations !

That foul gap in bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader !) with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held the tallest of my folios. *Opera Bonaventuroe*, choice and massy divinty also, but of) a

lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas, showed but as dwarfs, itself an Ascapart !—*that* Combrebatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refuse, namely, that "the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance) is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe ?

The slight vacuum in the left hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about the treatise than I do, who introduced it to him and was indeed the first (of moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her of than himself—Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is ! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the fates *borrowed* Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state—There loitered the Complete Angler ; quiet as in life, by some stream side—In yonder nook, John Buncle, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up,

he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine, I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction ; natives, and naturalised. The latter seemed as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am,—I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K., to be so importunate to carry off, with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the letter of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle ?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio :—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend ? - Then, worst cut of all to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

Unworthy land to harbour such a sweetness,
A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder !

——hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about these to keep these merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales ?—Child of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part French, better-part-English woman !—that she could fix upon no other treatise to

bear away in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no French man, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend of tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude* ?

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it ; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend they books ; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury ; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS, of his—(in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not infrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel ; in old Burton ; in Sir Thomas Browne ; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville now, alas ! wandering in Pagan lands—I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH

William Hazlitt

And our little life
Is rounded with a sleep

Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not ; this gives us no concern —why then, should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be ? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne : why should I regret and lay it so much to heart that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom ?

When Bickerstaff wrote his Essays I knew nothing of the subjects of them ; nay, much later, and but the other day, as it were, in the beginning of the reign of George III, when Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, used to meet at the Globe, when Garrick was in his glory, and Reynolds was over head and years with his portraits, and Sterne brought out the volumes of *Tristram Shandy* year by year, it was without consulting me : I had not the slightest intimation of what was going on : the debates in the House of Commons on the American War, or the firing of Bunker's Hill, disturbed not me : Yet I thought this no evil—I neither ate, drank, nor was merry, yet I did not complain : I had not then looked out into this breathing world, yet I was well :

and the world did quite as well without me as I did without it! Why, then, should I make all this outcry about parting with it, and being no worse off than I was before? There is nothing in the recollection that at a certain time we were not come into the world that 'the gorge rises at'—why should we revolt at the idea that we must one day go out of it? To die is only to be as we were before we were born; yet no one feels any remorse, or regret, or repugnance, in contemplating this last idea. It is rather a relief and disburthening of the mind; it seems to have been holiday-time with us then; we were not called to appear upon the stage of life, to wear robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be hooted or applauded; we had lain *perdus* all this while, snug, out of harm's way: and had slept out our thousands of centuries without wanting to be waked up; at peace and free from care, in a long nonage, in a sleep deeper and calmer than that of infancy, wrapped in the softest and finest dust. And worst that we dread is, after a short, fretful, feverish being, after vain hopes and idle fears, to sink to final repose again, and forget the troubled dream of life! .. Ye armed men, kinghts-templars, that sleep in the stone aisles of that old Temple church, where all is silent above, and where a deeper silence reigns below (not broken by the pealing organ), are ye not contented where ye lie? Or would you come out of your long homes to go to the Holy War? Or do ye complain that pain no longer visits you, that sickness has done its worst, that you have paid the last debt to nature, that you hear no more of the thickening phalanx of the foe, or your lady's wanting love; and that while

this ball of earth rolls its eternal round, no sound shall ever pierce through to disturb your lasting repose, fixed as the marble over your tombs, breathless as the grave that holds you! And thou, oh! thou, to whom my heart turns, and will turn while it has feeling left, who didst love in vain, and whose first was thy last sigh, wilt not thou too rest in peace (or wilt thou cry to me complaining, from thy clay-cold bed) when that sad heart is no longer sad and that sorrow is dead which thou were only called into the world to feel!

It is certain that there is nothing in the idea of a pre-existent state that excites our longing like the prospect of a posthumous existence. We are satisfied to have begun life when we did; we have no ambition to have set out on our journey sooner; and feel that we have had quite enough to do to battle our way through since. We cannot say,

> The wars we well remember of King Nine,
> Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

Neither have we any wish: we are contented to read of them in story, and to stand and gaze at the vast sea of time that separates us from them. It was early days then: the world was not *well-aired* enough for us; we have no inclination to have been up and stirring. We do not consider the six thousand years of the world before we were born as so much time lost to us: we are perfectly indifferent about the matter. We do not grieve and lament that we did not happen to be in time to see the grand mask and pageant of human life going on in all that period; though we are mortified at being obliged to quit our stand before the rest of the procession passes.

It may be suggested in explanation of this difference, that we know from various records and traditions what happened in the time of Queen Anne, or even in the reigns of the Assyrian monarchs, but that we have no means of ascertaining what is to happen hereafter but by awaiting the event and that our eagerness and curiosity are sharpened in proportion as we are in the dark about it. This is not at all the case; for at that rate we should be constantly wishing to make a voyage of discovery to Greenland or to the Moon, neither of which we have, in general, the least desire to do. Neither, in truth, have we any particular solicitude to pry into the secrets of futurity, but as a pretext for prolonging our own existence. It is not so much that we care to be alive a hundred or a thousand years hence, any more than to have been alive a hundred or a thousand years ago: but the thing lies here, that we would all of us wish the present moment to last for ever. We would be as we are, and would have the world remain just as it is, to please us;

> The present eye catches the present object—

to have and to hold while it may; and abhors, on any terms, to have it torn from us, and nothing left in its room. It is the pang of parting, the unloosing our grasp, the breaking asunder some strong tie, the leaving some cherished purpose unfulfilled, that creates the repugnance to go, and makes calamity of so long a life, as it often is;

> Oh! thou strong heart!
> There's such a covenant 'twixt the world and thee
> They're loth to break!

The love of life then, is an habitual attachment, not an

abstract principle. Simply *to be* does not content man's natural desire ; we long to be in a certain time, place and circumstance. We would much rather be now, on this bank and shoal of time, than have our choice of any future period, than take a slice of fifty or sixty years out of the Millennium, for instance. This shows that our attachment is not confined either to *being* or to *well-being* : but that we have an inveterate prejudice in favour of our immediate existence, such as it is. The mountaineer will not leave his rock, nor the savage his hut ; neither are we willing to give up our present mode of life, with all its advantages and disadvantages, for any other that could be substituted for it. No man would, I think, exchange his existence with any other man, however fortunate. We had as lief *not be*, as *not be ourselves*. There are some persons of that reach of soul that they would like to live two hundred and fifty years hence, to see to what height of empire America will have grown up in that period, or whether the English constitution will last so long. These are points beyond me. But I confess I shonld like to live to see the downfall of the Bourbons. That is a vital question with me ; and I shall like it the better, the sooner it happens !

No young man ever thinks he shall die. He may believe that others will, or assent to the doctrine that 'all men are mortal, as an abstract proposition, but he is far enough from bringing it home to himself individually. Youth, buoyant activity, and animal spirits, hold absolute antipathy with old age as well as with death ; nor have we, in the hey-day of life, any more

than in the thoughtlessness of childhood, the remotest conception how

> The sensible warm motion can become
> A kneaded clod—

nor how sanguine, florid health and vigour, shall turn to withered, weak, and grey.' Or if in a moment of idle speculation we indugle in this notion of the close of life as theory, it is amazing at what a distance it seems; what a long, leisurely interval there is between; what a contrast its slow and solemn approach affords to our present gay dreams of existence! We eye the farthest verge of the horizon, and think what a way we shall have to look back upon, ere we arrive at our journey's end; and without our in the least suspecting it, the mists are at our feet, and the shadows of age encompass us The two divisions of our lives have melted into each other: the extreme points close and meet with none of that romantic interval stretching out between them that we had reckoned upon; and for the rich, melancholy, solemn hues of age, 'the sear, the yellow leaf,' the deepening shadows of an autumnal evening, we only feel a dank, cold mist, encircling all objects, after the spirit of youth is fled. There is no inducement to look forward; and, what is worse, little interest in looking back to what has become so trite and common. The pleasures of our existence have worn themselves out, 'are gone into the wastes of time,' or have turned their indifferent side to us, the pains by their repeated blows have worn us out, and have left us neither spirit nor inclination to encounter them again in retrospect. We do not want to rip up old grievances, nor to renew

our youth like the phoenix, nor to live our lives twice over. Once's enough. As the tree falls, so let it lie. Shut up the book and close the account once for all!

It has been thought by some that life is like the exploring of a passage that grows narrower and darker the farther we advance, without a possibility of ever turning back, and where we are stifled for want of breath at last. For myself, I do not complain of the greater thickness of the atmosphere as I approach the narrow house. I felt it more formerly, when the idea alone seemed to suppress a thousand rising hopes, and weighed upon the pulses of the blood. At present, I rather feel a thinness and want of support. I stretch out my hand to some object and find none, I am too much in a world of abstraction: the naked map of life is spread out before me, and in emptiness and desolation I see Death coming to meet me. In my youth I could not behold him for the the crowd of objects and feelings, and Hope stood always between us, saying. 'Never mind that old fellow!' If I had lived, indeed, I should not care to die. But I do not like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, marriage with joy unconsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded. My public and private hopes have been left a ruin or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be re-edified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should live to leave some sterling work behind me, I should like to have some friendly hand to consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb GRATEFUL AND CONTENT-

ED! But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain. In looking back it sometimes appears to me as if I had in a manner slept out my life in a dream or shadow on the side of the hill of knowledge, where I have fed on books, on thoughts, on pictures, and only heard in half-murmurs, the trampling of busy feet, or the noises of the throng below. Waked out of this dim, twilight existence and startled with the passing scene, I have felt a wish to descend to the world of realities, and join in the chase. But, I fear, too late and that I had better return to my bookish chimeras and indolence once more! *Zanet o lascia le donne, et studia la matematica* I will think of it.

Is it not wondeful that the contemplation and fear of death become more familiar to us as we approach nearer to it: that life seems to ebb with the decay of blood and youthful spirits; and that as we find everything about us subject to chance and change, as our strength and beauty die, as our hopes and passions, our friends and our affections leave us, we begin by degrees to feel ourselves mortal!

I have never seen death but once, and that was in an infant. It is years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me; and still as the nettles

wave in a corner of the churchyard over his little grave, the welcome breeze helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness at my breast !

An ivory or marble image, like Chantry's monument of the two children, is contemplated with pure delight. Why do we not grieve and fret that the marble is not alive, or fancy that it has a shortness of breath ? It never was alive ; and it is the difficulty of making the transition from life to death, the struggle between the two in our imagination, that confounds their properties painfully together, and makes us conceive that the infant that is but just dead, still wants to breathe to enjoy, and look about it, and is prevented by the icy hand of death, locking up its faculties and benumbing its senses : so that, if it could, it would complain of its own hard state. Perhaps religious considerations reconcile the mind to this change sooner than any others, by representing the spirit as fled to another sphere, and leaving the body behind it. So in reflecting on death generally, we mix up the idea of life with it, and thus make it the ghastly monster it is. We think, how we should feel, not how the dead feel.

> Still from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
> Even in our ashes live their wonted fires ;

There is an admirable passage on this subject in Tucker's *Light of Nature Pursued*, which I shall transcribe, as by much the best illustration I can offer of it.

"The melancholy appearance of a lifeless body, the mansion provided for it to inhabit, dark, cold, close and solitary, are shocking to the imagination ; but it

is to the imagination only, not the understanding; for whoever consults this faculty will see, at first glance, that there is nothing dismal in all these circumstances: if the corpse were kept wrapped up in a warm bed, with a roasting fire in the Chamber, it would feel no comfortable warmth therefrom; were store of tapers lighed up as soon as day shuts in, it would see no objects to divert it; were it left at large it would have no liberty, nor if surrounded with company would be cheered thereby; neither are the distorted features expressions of pain, uneasiness, or distress. This every one knows, and will readily allow upon being suggested, yet still cannot behold, nor even cast a thought upon those objects without shuddering; for knowing that a living person must suffer grievously under such appearances, they become habitually formidable to the mind, and strike a mechanical horror, which is increased by the customs of the world around us.

There is usually one pang added voluntarily and unnecessarily to the fear of death, by our affecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might reasonably set our minds at rest. The pathetic exhortation on country tombstoness, 'Grieve not for me, my wife and children dear,' etc. is for the most part speedily followed to the letter. We do not leave so great a void in society as we are inclined to imagine, partly to magnify our own importance, and partly to console ourselves by sympathy Even in the same family the gap is not so great; the wound closes up sooner than we should expect. Nay, our room is not unfrequently thought better than *our company*, People

walk along the streets the day after our deaths just as they did before, and the crowd is not diminished. While we were living, the world seemed in a manner to exist only for us, for our delight and amusement, because it contributed to them. But our hearts cease to beat, and it goes on as usual, and thinks no more about us than it did in our lifetime. The million are devoid of sentiment, and care as little for you or me as if we belonged to the moon. We live the week over in the Sunday's paper, or are decently interred in some obituary at the month's end! It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are on it It is not merely that our names are not known in Chnia—they have hardly been heard of in the next street. We are hand and glove with the universe and think the obligation is mutual. This is an evident fallacy. If this, however, does not trouble us now, it will not hereafter. A handful of dust can have no quarrel to pick with its neighbours, or complaint to make against Providence, and might well exclaim, if it had but an understanding and a tongue, 'Go thy ways, old world, swing round in blue ether, voluble to every age, you and I shall no more jostle!'

It is amazing how soon the rich and titled, and even some of those who have wielded great political power, are forgotten;

> A little rule, a little sway,
> Is all the great and mighty have
> Betwixt the cradle and the grave—

and, after its short date, they hardly leave a name behind them. 'A great man's memory may, at the

common rate, survive him half a year.' His heirs and successors take his titles, his power, and his wealth all that made him considerable or courted by others; and he has nothing else behind him either to delight or benefit the world. Posterity are no by any means so disinterested as they are supposed to be. They give their gratitude and admiration only in return for benefits conferred. They cherish the memory of those whom they are indebted for instruction and delight; and they cherish it just in proportion to the instruction and delight they are conscious they receive. The sentiment of admiration springs immediately from the ground, and cannot be otherwise than well founded.

The effeminate clinging to life as such, as a general or abstract idea, is the effect of a highly civilised and artificial state of society. Men formerly plunged into all the vicissitudes and dangers of war, or staked their all upon a single die, or some one passion, which if they could not have gratified, life became a burden to them—now our strongest passion is to think, our chief amusement is to read new plays, new poems, new novels, and this we may do at our leisure, in perfect security, *ad infinitum*. If we look into the old histories and romance, before the *belles-letters* neutralised human affairs and reduced passion to a state of mental equivocation, we find the heroes and heroines not setting their lives 'at a pin's fee,' but rather courting opportunities of throwing them away in very wantonness of spirit. They raise their fondness for some favourite pursuit to its height, to a pitch of madness, and think no price

too dear to pay for its full gratification. Everything else is dross. They go to death as to a bridal bed, and sacrifice themselves or others without remorse at the shrine of love, of honour, of religion, or any other prevailing feeling. Romeo runs his sea-sick, weary bark upon the rocks' of death the instant he finds himself deprived of his Juliet; and she clasps his neck in their last agonies, and follows him to the same fatal shore. One strong idea takes possession of the mind and over-rules every other; and even life itself, joyless without that becomes an object of indifference or loathing. There is at least more of imagination in such a state of things, more vigour of feeling and promptitude to act, than in our lingering, languid, protracted attachment to life for its own poor sake. It is, perhaps, also better, as well as more heroical, to strike at some daring or darling object, and if we fail in that, to take the consequences manfully, than renew the lease of a tedious, spiritless, charmless existence, merely (as Pierre says) to lose it afterwards in some vile brawl' for some worthless object. Was there not a spirit of martyrdom as well as a spice the reckless energy of barbarism in this bold defiance of 'death? Had not religion something to do with it: the implicit belief in a future life, which rendered this of less value, and embodied something beyond it to the imagination; so that the rough soldier, the infatuated lover, the valorous kinght, etc., could afford to throw away the present venture, and take a leap into the arms of futurity, which the modern sceptic shrinks back from with all his boasted reason and vain philosophy, weaker than a woman. I cannot help thinking so myself; but

I have endeavoured to explain this point before, and will not enlarge farther on it here.

A life of action and danger moderates the dread of death. It not only gives us fortitude to bear pain, but teaches us at every step the precarious tenure on whlch we hold our present being. Sedentary and studious men are the most apprehensive on this score. Dr. Johnson was an instance in point. A few years seemed to him soon over, compared with those sweeping contemplations on time and infinity' with which he had been used to pose himself. In the *still life* of a man of letters there was no obvious reason for a change. He migh sit in an arm-chair and pour out cups of tea to all eternity, would it had been possible for him to do so! The most rational cure after all for the inordinate fear of death is to set a just value on life. If we merely wish to continue on the scene to indulge our headstrong humours and tormenting passions, we had better be gone at once; and if we only cherish a fondness for existence according to the good we derive from it, the pang we feel at parting with it will not be very severe.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

Thomas Caryle

On monday, the Fourteenth of October 3rd, 1789, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stonewalls never witnessed: the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands, here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgement-bar; answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Revolutionnaire*, which bear title '*Trial of the Widow Capet.*' Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inclupatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci-devant* Count d' Estaing, anxious to show himself patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers, with a reverent inclination towards her, "Ah, yes, I know Madame," Ex-

Patriots are here, sharply dealt with as Procureur Manuel ; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their slpendour. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus : rabid stupidity, of Partriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime, in her who has *lost*.

Marie Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm ; she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano.' You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears hereself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity ; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. 'You persist, then, in denial ?' 'My plan is not denial ; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that.' Scandalous Hebert has borne his testimony as to many things ; as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son - wherewith Human Speech had better not further be soiled. She has answered Herbert ; a juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to this 'I have not answered,' she exclaims with noble emotion, 'because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here.' Robespierre, when he hears of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hebert ; on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock

on Wednesday morning, after two days and nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. 'Have you anything to say?' The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess, and Dauphiness, quitting her mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughters of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,' says Weber, an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands: several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away.'

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn dis-crowned, Widow of Thirty-eight; grey before her time: this is the last Procession: 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de le Revolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *pique blanc*: she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a Cart; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la Republique and Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honore; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Revolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la Republique*.

GIFTS

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Gifts of one who loved me,—
'Twas high times they came ;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.

It is said that the world is in a state of bank-ruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times in bestowing gifts ; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay bebts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents ; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature : they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us : we are children, not pets : she is not fond : everything is dealt to us without fear or favour, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men used to tell us that we love flattery, even though

we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure the flowers give us : what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed ? Fruits are acceptable gifts because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labour and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. It it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift which one of my friends prescribed is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought, a compliment and love. But our tokens of Rings and other jewels are the most part barbarous, and are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a

portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem ; the shephred, his lamb ; the farmer, corn ; the miner, a gem ; the sailor, coral and shells ; the painter, his picture ; the girl, a handkerchief of her on sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to the primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who respresent kings, and a false state of property, to make present of gold and silver stuffs, a kind of symbolical sin offering, or payment of blackmail.

The law of benefits is difficult channel, which requries careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them ? We wish to be self sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves ; but not from anyone who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there soems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take.

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society if it do not give us besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported ; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity, and not him. The gifts, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, "How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine,?" which belief of mine this gift seems to deny ? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathise with the beneficiary than with the anger of my lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill-luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurablity between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friends is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend and now also. Compared with that goodwill I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one ; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favours on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons from whom we always expect fairy-tokens ; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate I find that I am not much to you ; you do not need me ; you do not feel me ; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands.

No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Matthew Arnold

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity ; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture* or attach any value to it, as culture at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity ; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French

critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, – which is, in an intelligent being natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are, implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says:—'The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.' This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which

not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiratlon to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social, –come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its orign in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of prefec. tion ; it is *a a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion lor doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words; 'To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent !' so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson : 'To make reason and the will of God prevail !'

Only, whereas the passion for doing dood is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking and it wants to be beginning to act ; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action ; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good ; that it demands worthy notions

of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine,—social, political, religious,—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow

anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture with believes in making reason and the will be God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to,—to learn, in short, the will of God,—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavour to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail : a preparing the way for this, which always serves this and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the

dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavour of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture,—seeking the determination of this question through *all* the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution,—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you*; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion; 'It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture.' Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character

of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that 'to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness.'

But, finally, perfection,—as culture from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it,—is a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition

of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances,—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particulary important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilisation of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilisation tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilisation in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, or hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of Every man for himself. Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers

have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs, than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for everyone to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger: often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve : but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery ? what is population but machinery ? what is coal but machinery what are railroads but machinery ? what is wealth but machinery ? what are even religious organisation but machinery ? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gain sayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. 'May not every man in England say what he likes ?'—Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks ; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspiration ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the

study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying, —has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, repling to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behaviour of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like, the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Everyone must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, in the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness? culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind,—would most, therefore, show the evidence of having possessed greatness,—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our, coal, and our industrial operations depending upon coal, were

very little developed? Well, then, what an unsonnd habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed,—the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly, than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe, that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effeet wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who must give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: 'Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively, observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words

which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amouut of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?' And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which save the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarised, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigour, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigour, it may be said, are not to classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea

of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarising a worship as that is. Everyone with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked the subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigour and activity. 'Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things,' says the author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly :- 'Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of the body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*' But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human prefection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assign to it, a special and limited character,—this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus :—'It is a sign ol αφυια says he,—that is, of a nature not finely tempered,—' to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss abont riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern.' This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word ευφυια, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites 'the two noblest of

things,'—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*,—'the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*.' The ευφυης is the man who tends towards sweetness and light, the αφυης, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from the wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organisations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side,—which is the dominant idea of religion,—has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy and work in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was,—as, having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own,—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fibre in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beeuty, harmony, and complete human perfection, so present and paramount. It impossible to have this idea too present and paramount ; only, the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony and complete human pefection, is wanting or misapprehended amongst us ; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present. And when which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then, I say, we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction,—the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative

moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral perfection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to *resist the devil, to overcome the wicked one*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts towards perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organisations, within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection, and is a far off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yes it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organisations.

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***And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organisations they have no ear: they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture,

like poetry, speaking language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing these organisations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage of a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organisations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan: it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. * **

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred, culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet

greater !—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man ; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the making epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty ; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organisations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way ; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes ; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its down, with ready-made judgments and watch words. It seeks to do away with

classes ; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere ; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—nourished and, not bound by them.

This is the *social idea* ; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time ; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, prefessional, exclusive to humanise it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfection ; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century ; and their serviccs to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumnlate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany ; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why ? Because they *humanis d* knowledge ; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence ; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint

Augustine they said ; 'Let us not leave Thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the time for the old order is passed, and the new arises ; the night is spent, the day is cone forth ; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing , when thou shalt send forth labourers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs ; when thou shalt send forth new labourers to new seed-time, whereof the harvest shall be not yet.'

—*Culture and Anarchy*

ON SUFFERING

Oscar Wilde

Suffering is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods, and chronicle their return. With us time itself does not progress. It revolves. It seems to circle round one centre of pain. The paralysing immobility of a life, every circumstance of which is regulated after an unchangeable pattern, so that we eat and drink and lie down and pray, or kneel at least for prayer, according to the inflexible laws of an iron formula ; this immobile quality that makes each dreadful day in the very minutest detail like its brother, seems to communicate itself to those external forces the very essence of whose existence is ceaseless change. Of seed-time or harvest, of the reapers bending over the corn, or the grape gatherers threading through the vines, of the grass in the orchard made white with broken blossoms or strewn with fallen fruit : of these we know nothing and can know nothing.

For us there is only one season, the season of sorrow. The very sun and moon seem taken from us. Outside, the day may be blue and gold, but the light that creeps down through the thickly-muffled glass of the small iron-barred window beneath which one sits is gray and niggard. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart. And in the sphere of thought, no less than in the sphere of time motion

is no more. The thing that you personally have long ago forgotten, or can easily forget, is happening to me now, and will happen to me again tomorrow. Remember this, and you will be able to understand a little of why I am writing, and in this manner writing......

A week later, I am transferred three. Three more months go over and my mother dies. No one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame. She and my father had bequeathed me a name they had made noble and honoured, not merely in literature, art, archaeology and science, but in the public history of my own country, in its evolution as a nation. I had disgraced that name eternally, I had made it a low byword among low people. I had dragged it through the very mire. I had given it to brutes that they might make it brutal, and to fools that they might turn it into a synonym for folly. What I suffered then, and still suffer, is not for pen to write or paper to record. My wife, always kind and gentle to me, rather than that I should hear the news from indifferent lips, travelled, ill as she was, all the way from Genoa to England to break to me herself the tidings of so irreparable, so irremediable, a loss. Messages of sympathy reached me from all who had still affection for me. Even people who had not known me personally, hearing that a new sorrow had broken into my life, wrote to ask that some expression of their condolence should be conveyed to me......

Three months go over. The calendar of my daily conduct and labour that hangs on the outside of my

cell door, with my name and sentence written upon it, tells my that it is May......

Prosperity, pleasure and success, may be rough of grain and common in fibre, but sorrow is the most sensitive of all created things. There is nothing that stirs in the whole world of thought to which sorrow does not vibrate in terrible and exquisite pulsation. The thin beaten-out leaf of tremulous gold that chronicles the direction of forces the eye cannot see is in comparison coarse. It is a wound that bleeds when any hand but that of love touches it, and even then must bleed again, though not in pain.

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground. Some day people will realize what this means. They will know nothing of life till they do——and natures like his can realize it. When I was brought down from my prison to the Court of Bankruptcy, between two policemen ——waited in the long dreary corridor that, before the whole crowd, whom no action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, he might gravely raise his hat to me, as, handcuffed and with bowed head, I passed him by. Men have gone to heaven for smaller things than that. It was in this spirit, and with this mode of love, that the saints knelt down to wash the feet of the poor, or stooped to kiss the leper on the cheek. I have never said one single word to him about what he did. I do not know to the present moment whether he is aware that I was even conscious of his action. It is not a thing for which one can render formal thanks in formal words ; I store it in the treasure-house of my heart. I keep it there as a secret debt that I

am glad to think I can never possibly repay. It is embalmed and kept sweet by the myrrh and cassia of many tears. When wisdom has been profitless to me, philosophy barred, and the proverbs and phrases of those who have sought to give me consolation as dust and ashes in my mouth, the memory of that little, lovely, silent act of love has usealed for me all the wells of pity : made the desert blossom like a rose, and brought me out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken, and great of the world. Whan people are able to understand, not merely how beautiful —'s action was, but why it meant so much to me, and always will mean so much, then, perhaps, they will realize how and in what spirit they should approach me......

The poor are wise, more charitable, more kind, more sensitive than we are. In their eyes prison is a tragedy in a man's life, a misfortune, a casualty, something that calls for sympathy in others. They speak of one who is in prison as of one who is 'in trouble' simply. It is the phrase they always use, and the expression has the perfect wisdom of love in it. With people of our own rank it is different. With us, prison makes a man a pariah. I, and such as I am, have hardly any right to air and sun. Our presence taints the pleasures of others. We are unwelcome when we reappear. To revisit the glimpses of the moon is not for us. Our very children are taken away. Those lovely links, with humanity are broken. We are doomed to be solitary, while our sons live. We are denied the one thing that might heal us and keep us, that might bring

balm to the bruised heart, and peace to the soul in pain......

I must say to myself that I ruined myself, and that nobody great or small can be ruined except by his own hand. I am quite ready to say so. I am trying to say so, though they may not think it at the present moment. This pitiless indictment I bring without pity against myself. Terrible as was what the world did to me, what I did to myself was far more terrible still.

I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope.

The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a *flaneur*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. What the paradox was to

me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. Desire, at the end, was a malady, or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others; I took pleasure where it pleased me, and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility.

I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that 'wept' aloud, misery that could find no voice ; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering. Better than Wordsworth himself I know what Wordsworth meant when he said :

> Suffering is permenent, obscure, and dark
> And has the nature of infinity.

But while there were times when I rejoiced in the idea that my sufferings were to be endless, I could not bear them to be without meaning. Now I find hidden some where away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is Humility.

It is the last thing left in me, and the best : the ultimate discovery at which I have arrived, the starting-

point for a fresh development. It has come to me right out of myself, so I know that it has come at the proper time. It could not have come before, not later. Had anyone told me of it, I would have refused it. As I found it I want to keep it. I must do so. It is the one thing that has in it the element of life, of a new life, a *Vita Nuova* for me. Of all things it is the strangest. One cannot acquire it, except by surrendering everything that one has. It is only when one has lost all things, that one knows that one possesses it.

Now I have realized that it is in me, I see quite clearly what I ought to do ; in fact, must do. And when I use such a phrase as that, I need not say that I am not alluding to any external sanction or command. I admit none. I am far more of an individualist than I ever was. Nothing seems to me of the smallest value except what one gets out of oneself. My nature is seeking a fresh mode of self-realization. That is all I am concerned with. And the first thing that I have got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world.

I am completely penniless, and absolutely homeless. Yet there are worse things in the world than that. I am quite candid when I say that rather than go out from this prison with bitterness, in my heart against the world, I would gladly and readily beg my bread from door to door. If I got nothing from the house of the rich I would get something at the house of the poor. Those who have much are often greedy ; those who have little always share. I would not a bit mind sleeping in the cool grass in summer, and when winter came on

sheltering myself by the warm close-thatched rick, or under the penthouse of a great barn, provided I had love in my heart. The external things of life seem to me now of no importance at all. You can see to what intensity of individualism I have arrived rather for the journey is long, and 'where I walk there are thorns.'

Of course I know that to ask alms on the highway is not to be my lot, and that if ever I lie in the cool grass at nights-time it will be to write sonnets to the moon. When I go out of prison, R——will be waiting for me on the other side of the big iron-studded gate, and he is the symbol, not merely of his own affection, but of the affection of many others besides. I believe I am to have enough to live on for about eighteen months, at any rate, so that if I may not write beautiful books, I may at least read beautiful books; and what joy can be greater? After that I hope to be able to recreate my creative faculty.

But were things different; had I not a friend left in the world; were there not a single house open to me in pity; had I to accept the wallet and ragged cloak of sheer penury: as long as I am free from all resentment, hardness and scorn, I would be able to face life with much more calm and confidence than I would were my body in purple and fine linen and the soul within me sick with hate.

And I really shall have no difficulty. When you really want love you will find it waiting for you

I need not say that my task does not end there. It would be comparatively easy if it did. There is much more before me. I have hills far steeper to climb, valleys

much darker to pass through. And I have to get it all out of myself. Neither religion, morality, nor reason can help me at all.

Morality does not help me. I am a born antinomian. am one of those who are made for exceptions not for laws. But while I see that there is nothing wrong in what one does, I see that there is something wrong in what one becomes. It is well to have learned that.—*De Profundis*

EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

Samuel McChord Crothers

Several years ago a young man came to my study with a manuscript which he wished me to criticize.

"It is only a little bit of my work," he said modestly, "and it will not take you long to look it over. In fact it is only the first chapter, in which I explain the Universe."

I suppose that we have all had moments of sudden illumination when it occurred to us that we had explained the Universe, and it was so easy for us that we wondered why we had not done it before. Some thought drifted into our mind and filled us with vague foreboding of omniscience. It was not an ordinary thought, that explained only a fragment of existence. It explained everything. It proved one thing and it proved the opposite just as well. It explained why things are as they are, and if it should turn out that they are not that way at all, it would prove that fact also. In the light of our great thought chaos seems rational.

Such thoughts usually occur about four o'clock in the morning. Having explained the Universe, we relapse into satisfied slumber. When a few hours later, we rise, we wonder what the explanation was.

Now and then, however, one of these highly explanatory ideas remains to comfort us in our waking hours. Such a

thought is that which I here throw out, and which has doubtless at some early hour occurred to most of my readers. It is that every man has a natural desire to be somebody else.

This does not explain the Universe, but it explains that perplexing part of it which we call Human Nature. It explains why so many intelligent people who deal skillfully with matters of fact, make such a mess of it when they deal with their fellow creatures. It explains why we get on as well as we do with strangers and why we do not get on better with our friends. It explains why people are so often offended when we say nice things about them and why it is that, when we say harsh things about them, they take it as a compliment. It explains why people marry their opposites and why they live happily ever afterwards. It also explains why some people don't. It explains the meaning of tact and its opposite.

The tactless person treats a person according to a scientific method as if he were a thing. Now, in dealing with a thing, you must find out what it is, and then act accordingly. But with a person, you must first find out what he is and then carefully conceal from him the fact that you have made the discovery. The tactless person can never be made to understand this. He prides himself on taking people as they are without being aware that that is not the way they want to be taken.

He has a keen eye for the obvious, and calls attention to it. Age, sex, colour, nationality, previous condition of servitude, and all the facts that are interesting to the census-taker, are apparent to him and are

made the basis of his conversation. When he meets one who is older than he, he is conscious of the fact, and emphasizes by every polite attention the disparity in years. He has an idea that at a certain period in life the highest tribute of respect is to be urged to rise out of one chair and take another that is presumbly more comfortable. It does not occur to him that there may remain any tastes that are not sedentary. On the other hand, he sees a callow youth and addresses himself to the obvious callowness, and thereby makes himself thoroughly disliked. For, strange to say, the youth prefers to be addressed as a person of precocious maturity.

The literalist, observing that most people talk shop, takes it for granted that they like to talk shop. This is a mistake. They do it because it is the easiest thing to do, but they resent having attention called to their limitations. A man's profession does not necesssarily coincide with his natural aptitude or with his predominant desire. When you meet a member of the Supreme Court you may assume that he is gifted with a judicial mind. But it does not follow that it is the only quality of mind he has ; nor that when out of court, he gives you a piece of his mind, it will be a piece of his judicial mind that he gives.

My acquaintance with royalty is limited to photographs of royal groups, which exhibit a high degree of domesticity. It would seem that the business of royalty when pursued as a steady job becomes tiresome, and that when they have their pictures taken they endea-

vour to look as much like ordinary folks as possible—and they usually succeed.

The member of one profession is always flattered by being taken for a skilled practitioner of another. Try it on your minister. Instead of saying. "That was an excellent sermon of yours this morning" say, "As I listened to your cogent argument, I thought what a successful lawyer you would have made." Then he will say, "I did think of taking to the law."

If you had belonged to the court of Frederick the Great you would have proved a pcor courtier indeed if you had praised His Majesty's campaigns, Frederick knew that he was a Prussian general, but he wanted to be a French literary man. If you wished to gain his favour you should have told him that in your opinion he excelled Voltaire.

We do not like to have too much attention drawn to our present circumstances. They may be well enough in their way, but we can think of something which would be more fitting for us. We have either seen better days or we expect them.

Suppose you had visited Napoleon in Elba and had sought to ingratiate yourself with him.

"Sir," you would have said, "this is a beautiful empire of yours, so snug and cozy and quiet. It is just such a domain as is suited to a man in your condition. The climate is excellent. Evarything is peaceful. It must be delightful to rule where everything is arranged for you and the details are taken care of by others. As I came to your dominion I saw a line of British frigates

guarding your shores. The evidences of such thoughtfullness are everywhere."

Your praise of his present condition would not have endeared you to Napoleon. You were addressing him as the Emperor of Elba. In his own eyes he was Emperor, though not in Elba.

It is such a misapprehension which irritates any mature human being when his environment is taken as the measure of his personality.

The man with a literal mind moves in a perpetual comedy of errors. It is not a question of two Dromios. There are half a dozen Dromios under one hat.

How casually introductions are made, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to make two human beings acquainted! Your friend says "I want you to know Mr. Stifflekin," and you say that you are happy to know him. But does either of you know the enigma that goes under the name of Stifflekin? You may know what he looks like and where he resides and what he does for a living. But that is all in the present tense. To really know him you must not only know what he is but what he used to be; what he used to think he was; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had happened otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to any one else.

It is this consciousness of the inadequacy of our knowledge which makes us so embarrassed when we offer any service to another. Will he take it in the spirit in which it is given ?

That was an awkward moment when Stanley, after all his hardship in his search for Dr. Livingstone, at last found the Doctor by a lake in Central Africa. Stanley held out his hand and said stiffly, "Dr Livingstone, I presume?" Stanley had heroically plunged through the equatorial forests to find Livingstone and to bring him back to civilization. But Livingstone was not particularly anxious to be found and had a decided objection to being brought back to civilization. What, he wanted was a new adventure. Stanley did not find the real Livingstone till he discovered that the old man was as young at heart as himself. The two men became acquainted only when they began to plan a new expedition to find the source of the Nile.

The natural desire of every man to be somebody else explains many of the minor irritations of life. It prevents that perfect organization of society in which every one should know his place and keep it. The desire to be somebody else leads us to practice on work that does not strictly belong to us. We all have aptitudes and talents that overflow the narrow bounds of our trade or profession. Every man feels that he is bigger than his job, and he is all the time doing what theologians called "works of supererogation."

The serious-minded housemaid is not content to do what she is told to do. She has an unexpended balance of energy. She wants to be a general household

reformer. So she goes to the desk of the titular master of the house and gives it a thorough reformation. She arranges the papers according to her idea of neatness. When the poor gentleman returns and finds his familiar chaos transformed into a hateful order, he becomes a reactionary.

The serious manager of a street railway company is not content with the simple duty of transporting passengers cheaply and comfortably. He wants to exercise the functions of a lecturer in an ethical culture society. While the transported victim is swaying precariously from the end of a strap he reads a notice urging him to practice Christian courtesy and not to push. While the poor wretch pores over this counsel of perfection, he feels like answering as did Junius to the Duke of Grafton. "My Lord, injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation.

A man enters a barber's shop with the simple desire of being shaved. But he meets with the more ambitious desires of the barber. The serious barber is not content with any slight contribution to human welfare. He insists that his client shall be shampood, manicured, steamed beneath boiling towels, cooled off by electric massaged fans, and, while all this is going on, that he shall have his boots blacked.

Have you never marvelled at the patience of people in having so many things done to them that they don't want, just to avoid hurting the feelings of professional people who want to do more than is expected of them? You watch the stoical countenance of the passenger in a Pullman car as he stands up to be brushed. The chances

are that he does not want to be brushed. He would prefer to leave the dust on his coat rather than to be compelled to swallow it. But he knows what is expected of him. It is a part of the solemn ritual of travelling. It precedes the offering.

The fact that every man desires to be somebody else explains many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. The painters, dramatists, musicians, poets, and novelists are just as human as housemaids and railway managers and porters. They want to do "all the good they can to all the people they can in all the ways they can." They get tired of the ways they are used to and like to try new combinations. So they are continually mixing things. The practitioner of one art tries to produce effects that are proper to another art.

A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin if it were a brush. He would have us see the sunset glories that he is painting for us. A painter wants to be a musician and paints symphonies, and he is grieved because the uninstructed cannot hear his pictures, although the colours do swear at each other. Another painter wants to be an architect and build up his picture as if it were made of cubes of brick. It looks like brick-work, but to the natural eye it doesn't look like a picture. A prose-writer gets tired of writing prose, and wants to be a poet. So he begins every line with a capital letter, and keeps on writing prose.

You go to the theatre with the simpleminded Shakespearean idea that the play's the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. So you discover

that you have dropped into a gruesome clinic. You sought innocent relaxation, but you are one of the non-elect and have gone to the place prepared for you. hou must see the thing through. The fact that you Yave troubles of your own is not a sufficient claim for exemption.

Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction. But the novelist has other views. He wants to be your spiritual adviser. He must do something to your mind, he must rearrange your fundamental ideas. he must massage your soul, and generally brush you off. All this in spite of the fact that you don't want to be brushed off and set to rights. You don't want him to do anything to your mind. It's the only mind you have and you need it for your own business.

But if the desire of every man to be somebody else accounts for many whimsicalities of human conduct and for many aberrations in the arts, it cannot be lightly dismissed as belonging only to the realm of comedy. It has its origin in the nature of things. The reason why every man wants to be somebody else is that he can remember the time when he was somebody else. What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing as all of us realize when we look over photographs and read old letrers.

The oldest man now living is but a few years removed from the undifferentiated germ-plasm, which might have developed into almost anything. In the beginning he was a bundle of possibilities. Every actuality that is developed means a decrease in the rich vari-

ety of possibilities. In becoming one thing it becomes impossible to be something else.

The delight in being a boy lies in the fact that the possibilities are still manifold. The boy feels that he can be anything that he desires. He is conscious that he has capacities that would make him a successful banker. On the other hand, there are attractions in a life of adventure in the South Seas. It would be pleasant to lie under a bread-fruit tree and let the fruit drop into his mouth, to the admiration of the gentle savages who would gather about him. Or he might be a saint---not a commonplace modern saint who does chores and attends tiresome committee meetings, but a saint such as one reads about, who gives away his rich robes and his purse of gold to the first beggar he meets, and then goes on his carefree way through the forest to convert interesting robbers. He feels that he might practice that kind of unscientific charity, if his father would furnish him with the money to give away.

But by and by he learns that making a success in the banking business is not consistent with excursions to the South Seas or with the more picturesque and unusual forms of saintliness. If he is to be in a bank he must do as the bankers do.

Parents and teachers conspire together to make a man of him, which means making a particular kind of man of him. All mental processes which are not useful must be suppressed. The sum of their admonitions is that he must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing. He is paying attention to a variety of things that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the

school-room, he pays attention, he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going on out-of-doors: he sees the weak points of his fellow pupils, against whom he is planning punitive expeditions; and he is delightfully conscious of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute joy to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around.

But the schoolmaster says sternly, "My boy, you must learn to pay attention ; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but you must pay attention to one thing, namely, the second declension."

Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, but unless he confines his attention to it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency.

A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant of real estate man or chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses taken himself for better or worse, he must, forsaking all others, cleave to that alone. The consequence is that, by the time he is forty, he has become one kind of a man, and is able to do one kind of work. He has acquired a stock of ideas true enough for his purposes, but not so transcendentally true as to interfere with his business. His neighbours know where to find him, and they do not need to take a spiritual elevator. He does business on the ground floor He has gained in practicality, but has lost in the quality of interestingness.

The old prophet declared that the young men dream dreams and the old men see visions, but he did not say anything about the middle-aged men. *They* have to look after the business end.

But has the man whose working hours are so full of responsibilities changed so much as he seems to have done"? I think not. There are elusive personalities that are in hiding. As the rambling mansions of the old Catholic families had secret panels opening into the "priest's hole," to which the family resorted for spiritual comfort, so in the mind of the most successful man there are secret chambers where are hidden his unsuccessful ventures, his romantic ambitions, his unfulfilled promises. All that he dreamed of as possible is somewhere concealed in the man's heart. He would not for the world have the public know how much he cares for the selves that have not had a fair chance to come into the light of day. You do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to see sail.

When Dogberry asserted that he was "as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina" and "one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him," he was pointing out what he deemed to be quite obvious. It was in a more intimate tone that he boasted, "and a fellow that hath had losses."

When Julius Caesar rode through the streets of Rome in his chariot, his laurel crown seemed to the populace a symbol of his present greatness But gossip has it that time desired to be younger than he was, and that before appearing in public he carefuly arranged

his laurel wreath so as to conceal the fact that he had *had* losses.

Much that passes for pride in the behaviour of the great comes from the fear of the betrayal of emotions that belong to a simpler manner of life. When the sons of Jacob saw the great Egyptian officer to whom they appealed turn away from them, they little knew what was going on. "And Joseph made haste, for his bowels did yearn upon his brother and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself." Joseph didn't want to be a great man. He wanted to be human. It was hard to refrain himself.

What of the lost arts of childhood, the lost audacities and ambitions and romantic admirations of adolescence ? What becomes of the sympathies which make us feel our kinship to all sorts of people ? What becomes of the early curiosity in regard to things which were none of our business ? We ask as Saint Paul asked of the Galatians. "Ye began well ; who did hinder you ?"

The answer is not wholly to our discredit. We do not develop all parts of our nature because we are not allowed to do so. Walt Whitman might exult over the Spontaneous Me. But nobody is paid for being spontaneous. A spontaneous switchman on the railway would be a menace to the travelling public. We prefer some one less temperamental.

As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for any one to find free and full development for all his natural powers in

any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work becomes more engrossing and narrowing the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

The old Hebrew sage declared, "Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure." It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a Sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little Sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?

To realize that men are not satisfied with themselves requires imagination, and we have had a terrible example of what misfortunes come from the lack of imagination. The Prussian militarists had a painstaking knowledge of facts, but they had a contempt for human nature. Their tactlessness was almost beyond belief. They treated persons as if they were things. They treated facts with deadly seriousness, but had no regard for feelings. They had spies all over the world to report all that could not be seen. So, while they were dealing scientifically with the obvious facts and forces, all the

hidden powers of the human soul were being turned against them. Prussianism insisted on highly specialized men who have no sympathies to interfere with their efficiency. Having adopted a standard, all variation must be suppressed. It was against this effort to suppress the human variations that the world fought. We did not want all men to be reduced to one pattern. And against the effort to produce a monotonous uniformity we must keep on fighting. It was of little use to dethrone the Kaiser if we submit to other tyrants of our own making.

THE WEST WIND

Joseph Conrad

The West Wind reigns over the seas surrounding the coasts of these kingdoms ; and from the gateways of the channels, from promontories as if from watch-towers, form estuaries of rivers as if from postern gates, from passage-ways, inlets, straits, firths, the garrison of the Isle and the crews of the ships going and returning, look to the westward to judge by the varied splendours of his sunset mantle the mood of that arbitrary ruler. The end of the day is the time to gaze at the kingly face of the Westerly Weather, who is the arbiter of ships' destinies. Benignant and splendid, or splendid and sinister, the western sky reflects the hidden purposes of the royal mind. Clothed in a mantle of dazzling gold or draped in rags of black clouds like a beggar, the might of the Westerly Wind sits enthroned upon the western horizon with the whole North Atlantic as a footstool for his feet and the first twinkling stars making a diadem for his brow. Then the seamen, attentive courtiers of the weather, think of regulating the conduct of their ships by the mood of the master. The West Wind is too great a king to be a dissembler : he is no calculator plotting deep schemes in a sombre heart ; he is too strong for small artifices ; there is passion in all his moods, even in the soft mood of his

blue sky whose immense and unfathomable tenderness reflected in the mirror of of the sea embraces, posseses, lulls to sleep the ships with white sails. He is all things to all oceans ; he is like a poet seated upon a throne—magnificent, simple, barbarous, pensive, generous, impulsive, changeable, unfathomable—but when you understand him, always the same. Some of his sunsets are like pageants devised for the delight of the multitude when all the gems of the royal treasure-house are displayed above the sea. Others are like the opening of his royal confidence tinged with thoughts of sadness and compassion in a melancholy splendour meditating upon the short-lived peace of the waters. And I have seen him put the pent-up anger of his heart into the aspect of the inaccessible sun, and cause it to glare fiercely like the eye of an implacable autocrat out of a pale and frightened sky.

He is the war-lord who sends his battalions of Atlantic rollers to the assault of our seaboard. The compelling voice of the West Wind musters up to his service all the might of the ocean. At the bidding of the West wind there arises a great commotion in the sky above these Islands, and a great rush of waters falls upon our shores. The sky of the westerly weather is full of flying clouds, of great big white clouds coming thicker and thicker till they seem to stand welded into a solid canopy, upon whose grey face the lower wrack of the gale, thin, black, and angry-looking, flies past with vertiginous speed. Denser and denser grows this dome of vapours, descending lower and lower upon the sea, narrowing the horizon around the ship. And the charac-

teristic aspect of westerly weather, the thick grey, smoky, and sinister tone sets in, circumscribing the view of the men, drenching their bodies, oppressing their souls, taking their breath away with booming gusts, deafening, blinding, driving, rushing them onwards in a swaying ship towards our coasts lost, in mists and rain

The caprice of the winds, like wifulness of men, is fraught with the disastrous consequences of self-indulgence. Long anger, the sense of his uncontrolled power, spoils the frank and generous nature of the West Wind. It is as if his heart were corrupted by a malevolent and brooding rancour. He devastates his own kingdom in the wantonness of his force. South-west is the quarter of the heavens where he presents his darkened brow. He breathes his rage in terrific squalls, and overwhelms his realm with an inexhaustible welter of clouds. He strews the seeds of anxiety upon the decks of scudding ships, makes the foam-stripped ocean look old, and sprinkles with grey hairs the heads of shipmasters in the homeward-bound ships running for the Channel. The Westerly Wind asserting his way from the south west quarter is often like a monarch gone mad driving forth with wild imprecations the most faithful of his courtiers to shipwreck, disaster, and death.

The south-westerly weather is the thick weather *par excellence*. It is not the thickness of the fog ; it is rather a contraction of the horizon, a mysterious veiling of the shores with clouds that seem to make a low vaulted dungeon around the running ship. It is not blindness ; it is a shortening of the sight. The West Wind does not say to seaman, "You shall be blind" ; it restricts merely the range of his vision and raises the

dread of land within his breast. It makes of him a man robbed of half his force, of half his efficiency. Many times in my life, standing in long sea-boots and streaming oilskins at the elbow of my commander on the poop of a homeward-bound ship making for the Channel, and gazing ahead into the grey and tormented waste, I have heard a a weary sigh shape itself into a studiously casual comment :

"Can't see very far in this weather."

And have made answer in the same low, perfunctory tone :

"No, sir."

It would be merely the instinctive voicing of an everpresent thought associated closely with the consciousness of the land somewhere ahead and of the great speed of the ship. Fair wind! Who would dare to grumble at a fair wind ? It was a favour of the Western King who rules masterfully the North Atlantic from the latitude of the Azores to the latitude of Cape Farewell. A famous shove this to end a good passage with ; and yet, somehow, one could not muster upon one's lips the smile of a courtier's gratitude. This favour was dispensed to you from under an overbeating scowl, which is the true expression of the great autocrat when he has made up his mind to give a battering to some ships and to hunt certain others home in one breath of cruelty and benevolence, equally distracting.

"No sir. Can't see very far."

Thus would the mate's voice repeat the thought of the master, both gazing ahead, while under their feet the ship rushes at some twelve knots in the direction of

the lee shore; and only a couple of miles in front of her swinging and dripping Jib-boom, carried naked with an upward slant like a spear: a grey horizon closes the view with a multitude of waves surging upwards violently as if to strike at the stooping clouds.

Awful and threatening scowls darken the face of the West Wind in his clouded, south-west mood and from the King's throne-hall in the western board stronger gusts reach you, like the fierce shout of raving fury to which only the gloomy grandeur of the scene imparts a saving dignity. A shower pelts the deck and the sails of the ship as if flung with a scream by an angry hand; and when the night closes in, the night of a south-westerly gale, it seems more hopeless than the shade of Hades. The south-westerly mood of the great West Wind is a lightless mood, without sun, moon, or stars, with no gleam of light but the phosphorescent flashes of the great sheets of foam that boiling up on her dark and narrow hull, rolling as she runs, chased by enormous seas, distracted in the tumult.

There are some bad nights in the kingdom of the West Wind homeward-bound ships making for the Channel; and the days of wrath dawn upon them colourless and vague like the timid turning up of invisible lights upon the scene of a tyrannical and passionate outbreak, awful in the monotony of its violence. It is the same wind, the same clouds, the same wildly racing seas, the same thick horizon around the ship. Only the wind is stronger, the clouds seem denser and more overwhelming, the waves appeer to have grown bigger and more threatening during the night. The hours, whose minutes

are marked by the crash of the breaking seas, slip by with the screaming, pelting, squalls overtaking the ship she runs on and on with darkened canvas, with streaming sports and dripping ropes. The downpours thicken. Preceding each shower a mysterious gloom, like the passage of a shadow above the firmament of grey clouds, filters down upon the ship. Now and then the rain pours upon your head in streams as if from spouts. It seems as if your ship were going to drown before she sank, as if all atmosphere had turned to water. You gasp, you splutter, you are blinded and defended, you are submerged, obliterated, dissolved, annihilated, streaming all over as if your limbs too had turned to water. And every nerve on the alert you watch for the clearing-up mood of the Western King, that shall come with a shift of wind as likely as not to whip all the three masts out of your ship in the twinkling of an eye.

Heralded by the increasing fierceness of the squalls, sometimes by a faint flash of lightning like the signal of a lighted torch waved far away behind the clouds, the shift of wind comes at last, the crucial moment of the change from the brooding and veiled violence of the sonth-west gale to the sparkling, flashing, cutting, clear-eyed anger of the King's north-westerly mood. You behold another phase of his passion, a fury bejewelled with stars, mayhap bearing the crescent of the moon on its brow, shaking the last vestiges of its torn cloud-mantle in inky-black squalls with hail and sleet descending like showers of crystals and pearls, bounding off the spars, drumming on the sails, pattering on the oilskin coats, whitening the decks of homeward-bound ships. Faint, redflashes of

lightning flicker in the starlight upon her mast-heads. A chilly blast hums in the taut rigging causing the ship to tremble to her very keel, and the soaked men on her decks to shiver in their wet clothes to the very marrow of their bones. Before one squall has flown over to sink in the eastern board the edge of another peeps up already above thc western horizon, racing up swift shapelss, like a black bag full of frozen water ready to burst over your devoted head. The temper of the ruler of the ocean has changed. Each gust of the clouded mood that seemed warmed by the heat of a heart flaming with anger has it counterpart in the chilly blasts that seem blown from a breast turned to ice with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Instead of blinding your eyes and crushing your soul with a terrible apparatus of cloud and mists and seas and rain, the King of the West turns his power to contemptuous pelting of your back with icicles, to making your weary eyes water as if in grief and your worn-out carcass quake pitifully. But each mood of the great autocrat has its own greatness, and each is hard to bear. Only the north-west phase of that mighty display is not demoralizing to the same extent, because between the hail and sleet squalls of a north-westerly gale one can see a long way ahead.

To see! to see!—this is the craving of the sailor, as of the rest of blind humanity. To have his path made clear for him is the aspiration of every human being in our beclouded and tempestuous existence. I have heard a reserved, silent man, with no nerves to speak of, after three days of hard running in thick south-westerly

weather, burst out passionately: "I wish to God we could get sight of something!"

We had just gone down below for a moment to commune in a battered-down cabin, with a large white chart lying limp and damp upon a cold and clammy table under the light of a smoky lamp. Sprawling over that seaman's silent and trusted adviser, with one elbow upon the coast of Africa and the other planted in the neighbourhood of Cape Hatteras (it was a general track-chart of the North Atlantic), my skipper lifted his rugged, hairy face, and glared at me in a half-exasperated, half-appealing way. We have seen no sun, moon or stars for something like seven days. By the effect of the West Wind's wrath the celestial had gone into hiding for a week or more and the last three days had seen the force of a south-west gale grown from fresh, through strong, to heavy, as the entries in my log-book could testify. Then we separated, he to go on deck again, in obedience to that mysterious call that seems to sound for ever in a shipmaster's ears, I to stagger into my cabin with some vague notion of putting down the words "Very heavy weather" in a log-book not quite written up to date. But I gave it up, and crawled into my bunk instead, boots and hat on, all standing (it did not matter; everything was soaking wet, a heavy sea having burst the poop skylights the night before), to remain in a nightmarish state between waking and sleeping for a couple of hours of so-called rest.

The south-westerly mood of a West Wind is an enemy of sleep, and even of a recumbent position, in the responsible officers of a ship. After two hours of futile,

light-headed, inconsequent thinking upon all things under heaven in that dark, dank, wet, and devastated cabin, I arose suddenly and staggered up on deck. The autocrat of the North Atlantic was still oppressing his kingdom and its outlying dependencies, even as far as the Bay of Biscay, in the dismal secrecy of thick, very thick, weather. The force of the wind, though we were running before it at the rate of some ten knots an hour, was so great that it drove me with a steady push to the front of the poop, where my commander was holding on.

"What do you think of it?" he addressed me in an interrogative yell.

What I really thought was that we both had had just about enough of it. The manner in which the great West Wind chooses at times to administer his possessions does not commend itself to a person of peaceful and law abiding disposition, inclined to draw distinctions between right and wrong in the face of natural forces, whose standard, naturally, is that of might alone. But, of course, I said nothing. For a man caught, as it were, between his skipper and the great West Wind silence is the safest sort of diplomacy. Moreover, I knew my skipper. He did not want to know what I thought. Shipmasters hanging on a breath before the thrones of the winds ruling the seas have their psychology, whose workings are as importaut to the ship and those on board of her as the changing moods of the weather. The man, as a matter of fact, under no circumstances, ever cared a brass farthing for what I or anybody else in his ship thought. He had had just about enough of it. I guessed, and what he was at really was a process

of fishing for a suggestion. It was the pride of his life that he had never wasted a chance, no matter how boisterous, threatening and dangerous, of a fair wind. I like men racing blindfold for a gap in a hedge ; we were finishing a splendidly quick passage from the Antipodes, with a tremendous rush for the Channel in as thick a weather as any I can remember, but his psychology did not permit him to bring the ship to with a fair wind blowing—at least on his own initiative. And yet he felt that very soon indeed something would have to be done. He wanted the suggestion to come from me, so that later on, when the trouble was over, he could argue this point with his own uncompromising spirit, laying the blame upon my shoulders. I must render him the justice that this sort of pride was his only weakness.

But he got no suggestion from me. I understood his psychology. Besides, I had my own stock of weaknesses at the time (it is a different one now), and amongst them was the conceit of being remarkably well up in the psychylogy of the Westerly weather. I believed—not to mince matters—that I had a genius for reading the mind of the great ruler of high latitudes. I fancied I could discern already the coming of a change in his royal mood. And all I said was :

"The weather's bound to clear up with the shift of wind."

"Anybody knows that much !" he snaped at me, at the highest pitch of his voice.

"I mean before dark !" I cried.

This was all the opening he ever got from me. The eagerness with which he seized upon it gave me the

measure of the anxiety he had been labouring under.

"Very well," he shouted, with an affectation of impatience as if giving way to long entreaties." All right. If we don't get a shift by then we'll take that foresail off her and put her head under her wing for the night."

I was struck by the picturesque character of the phrase as applied to a ship brought to in order to ride out a gale with wave after wave passing under her breast. I could see her resting in the tumult of the elements like a sea-bird sleeping in wild weather upon the raging waters with its head tucked under its wing. In imaginative precision, in true feeling, this is one of the most expressive sentences I have ever heard on human lips. But as to taking the foresail off that ship before we put her head under her wing, I had my grave doubts. They were justified. That long-enduring piece of canvas was confiscated by the arbitary decree of the West Wind, to whom belong the lives of men and the contrivances of their hands within the limits of his kingdom. With the sound of a faint explosion it vanished into the thick weather bodily, leaving behind of its stout substance not so much as one solitary strip big enough to be picked into a handful of lint for, say, a wounded elephant. Torn out of its boltropes, it faded like a whiff of smoke in the smoke drift of clouds shattered and torn by the shift of wind. For the shift of wind had come. The unveiled, low sun glared angrily from a chaotic sky upon a coast. We recognized the headland and looked at each other in the silence of dumb wonder. Without knowing in the least we had run up alongside the Isle of Wight, and that tower,

tinged a faint eveniug red in the salt wind-haze, was the light-house of St. Catherine's Point.

My skipper recovered first from his astonishment. His bulging eyes sank back gradually into their orbits. His psychology, taking it all round, was really very creditable for an average sailor. He had been spared the humiliation of laying his ship to with a fair wind; and at once that man, of an open and truthful nature, spoke up in perfect good faith, rubbing together his brown, hairy hands the hands of a master-craftsman upon the sea:

"Humph! that's just about where I reckoned we had got to."

The transparency and ingenuousness, in a way, of that delusion, the airy tone, the hint of already growing pride, were perfectly delicious. But, in truth, this was one of the greatest surprises ever sprung by the clearing up mood of the West Wind upon one of the most accomplished of his courtiers.

—*The Mirror of the Sea.*

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW

A. C. Benson

I have lately come to perceive that the one thing which gives value to any picce of art, whether it be book, or picture, or music, is that subtle and evasive thing which is called personality. No amount of labour, of zest, even of accomplishment, can make up for the absence of this quality. It must be an almost wholly instinctinctive thing, I believe. Of course, the mere presence of personality in a work of art is not sufficient, because the personality revealed may be lacking in charm ; and charm, again, is an instinctive thing. No artist can set out to capture charm ; he will toil all the night and take nothing ; but what every artist can and must aim at, is to have a perfectly sincere point of view. He must take his chance as to whether his point of view is an attractive one ; but sincerity is the one indispensable thing. It is useless to take opinions on trust, to retail them, to adopt them ; they must be formed, created, truly felt. The work of a sincere artist is almost certain to have some value ; the work of an insincere artist is of its very nature worthless.

I mean to try, in the pages that follow, to be as sincere as I can. It is not an easy task, though it may seem so ; for it means a certain disentangling of the things that one has perceived and felt for oneself from

the prejudices and preferences that have been inherited, or stuck like burrs upon the soul by education and circumstance.

It may be asked why I should thus obtrude my point of view in print; why I should not keep my precious experience to myself; what the value of it is to other people? Well, the answer to that is that it helps our sense of balance and proportion to know how other people are looking at life, what they expect from it, what they find in it, and what they do not find. I have myself an intense curiosity about other people's point of view, what they do when they are alone, and what they think about. Edward Fitz Gerald said that he wished we had more biographies of obscure persons. How often have I myself wished to ask simple, silent deferential people, such as station-masters, butlers, gardeners, what they make of it all! Yet one cannot do it, and even if one could, ten to one they would not or could not tell you. But here is going to be a sedate confession. I am going to take the world into my confidence and say, if I can, what I think did feel about the little bit of experience which I call my life, which seems to me such a strange and often so bewildering a thing.

Let me speak, then, plainly of what that life has been, and tell what my point of view is. I was brought up on ordinary English lines. My father, in a busy life, held a series of what may be called high official positions. He was an idealist, who, owing to a vigorous power of practical organization and a mastery of detail, was essentially a man of affairs. Yet he contrived to be a student too. Thus, owing to the fact that he often

shifted his headquarters, I have seen a good deal of general society in several parts of England. Moreover, I was brought up in a distinctly intellectual atmosphere.

I was at a big public school and gained a scholarship at the University. I was a moderate scholar and competent athlete ; but I will add that I had always a strong literary bent. I took in younger days little interest in history or politics and tended rather to live an inner life in the region of friendship and the artistic emotions. If I had been possessed of private means, I should, no doubt, have become a full-fledged dilettante. But that doubtful privilege was denied me, and for a good many years I lived a busy and fairly successful life as a master at a big public school. I will not dwell on this, but I will say that I gained a great interest in the science of education, and acquired profound misgivings as to the nature of the intellectual process known by the name of secondary education. More and more I began to perceive that it is conducted on diffuse, detailed, unbusiness-like lines. I tried my best, as far as it was consistent with loyalty to an established system, to correct the faulty bias. But it was with a profound relief that I found myself suddenly provided with a literary task of deep interest, and enabled to quit my scholastic labours. At the same time, I am deeply grateful for the practical experience I was enabled to gain, and even more for the many true and pleasant friendships with colleagues, parents and boys that I was allowed to form.

What a waste of mental energy it is to be careful and troubled about one's path in life! Quite unexpectedly, at this juncture, came my election to a college Fellowship, giving me the one life that I had always eagerly desired, and the possibility of which had always seemed closed to me.

I became then a member of small and definite society with a few prescribed duties, just enough, so to speak, to form a hem to my life of comparative leisure. I had acquired and kept, all through my life as a scholmaster, the habit of continuous literary work; not from a sense of duty, but from instinctive pleasure. I found myself at once at home in my small and beautiful college, rich with all kinds of ancient and venerable traditions, in buildings of humble and subtle grace. The little dark-roofed chapel, where I have a stall of my own; the galleried hall, with its armorial glass; the low, book-lined library; the panelled combination-room, with its dim portraits of old worthies: how sweet a setting for a quiet life! Then, too, I have my own spacious rooms, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees, bounded by a slow river.

And then, to teach me how 'to borrow life and not grow old', the happy tide of fresh and vigorous life all about me, brisk, confident, cheerful young men, friendly, sensible, amenable, at that pleasant time when the world begins to open its rich pages of experience, undimmed at present by anxiety or care.

My college is one of the smallest in the University. Last night in Hall I sat next a distinguished man, who

is, moreover, very accessible and pleasant. He unfolded to me his desires for the University. He would like to amalgamate all the small colleges into groups, so as to have about half-a-dozen colleges in all. He said, and evidently thought, that little colleges are woefully circumscribed and petty places ; that most of the better men go to the two or three leading colleges, while the little establishments are like small backwaters out of the main stream. They elect, he said, their own men to Fellowships ; they resist improvements ; much money is wasted in management, and the whole thing is minute and feeble. I am afraid, it is true in a way ; but, on the other hand, I think that a large college has its defects too. There is no real college spirit there : it is very nice for two or three sets. But the different schools which supply a big college form each its own set there ; and if a man goes there from a leading public school, he falls into his respective set, lives under the traditions and in the gossip of his old school, and gets to know hardly anyone from other schools. Then the men who come up from smaller places just from small inferior sets of their own, and really get very little good out of the place. Big colleges keep up their prestige because the best men tend to go to them : but I think they do very little for the ordinary men who have fewer social advantages to start with.

The only cure, said my friend, for these smaller places is to throw their Fellowships open, and try to get public-spirited and liberal-minded Dons. Then, he added, they ought to specialize in someone branch of

University teaching, so that the men who belonged to a particular department would tend to go there.

Well, today was a wet day, so I did what I particularly enjoy—I went off for a slow stroll, and poked about among some of the smaller colleges. I declare that the idea of tying them all together seemed to me to be a horrible piece of vandalism. These sweet and beautiful little places, with a quiet, dignified history and tradition of their own, and very attractive and beautlful. I went and explored a little college, I am ashamed to say, I had never visited before. It shows a poor plastered form to the street, but the old place is there behind the plaster. I went into a tiny, dark chapel, with a high pillared pediment of carved wood behind the altar, a rich ceiling, and some fine columned alcoves where the dignitaries sit. Out of the gallery opens a venerable library, with a regretful air of the past about its faded volumes in their high presses, as though it sadly said. 'I am of yesterday.' Then we found ourselves in a spacious panelled Hall, with a great oriel looking out into a peaceful garden, embowered in great trees, with smiling lawns. All round the Hall hung portraits of old worthies—peers, judges, and bishops, with some rubicund wigged Masters. I like to think of the obscure and yet dignified lives that have been lived in these quaint and stately chambers. I suppose that there used to be a great deal of tippling and low gossip in the old days of the vinous, idle Fellows, who hung on for life, forgetting their books, and just trying to dissipate boredom. One tends to think that it all like that ; and yet, doubtless, there were quiet lives of study and

meditation led here by wise and simple men who have long since mouldered into dust. And all that dull rioting is happily over. The whole place is full of activity and happiness. There is, if anything, among the Dons, too much business, too many meetings, too much teaching, and the life of mere study is neglected. But it pleases me to think that even now there are men who live quietly among their books, unambitious, perhaps unproductive, but forgetting the flight of time, and looking out into a pleasant garden, with its rustling trees among the sound of mellow bells. We are most of us, too much in a fuss nowadays to live these gentle, innocent and beautiful lives ; and yet the University is a place where a poor man, if he be virtuous, may lead a life of dignity and simplicity, and refined happiness. We make the mistake of thinking that all can be done by precept when, as a matter of fact, example is not less potent a force. To make such quiet lives possible was to a great extent what these stately and beautiful places were founded for – that there should be in the busy world a corner where activities should not be so urgent, and where life should pass like an old dream, tinged with delicate colour and soft sound. I declare I do not know that it is more virtuous to be a clerk in a bank, toiling day by day that others should be rich, than to live in thought and meditation, with a heart open to sweet influences and pure hopes. And yet it seems to be held nowadays that virtue is bound up with practical life. If a man is content to abjure wealth and to forgo marriage, to live simply without luxuries, he may spend a very dignified, gentle life here, and at the same time

he may be really useful. It is a thing which is well worth doing to attempt the reconciliation between the old and the young Boys come up here under the impression that their pastors and teachers are all about fifty ; they think of them as sensible, narrow-minded men, and, like Melchizedek, without beginning of days or end of life. They suppose that they like marking mistakes in exercises with blue pencil, and take delight in showing their power by setting punishoment. It does not often occur to them that schoolmasters may be pathetically anxious to guide boys right, and to guard them from evil. They think of them as devoid of passions and prejudices, with a little dreary space to traverse before they sink into the tomb. Even in homes, how seldom does a perfectly simple human relation exist between a boy and his father ! There is often a great deal of affection on both sides, but little *camaraderie*. Little boys are odd, tiresome creatures in many ways, with savage instincts ; and I suppose many fathers feel that, if they are to maintain their authority, they must be a little distant and inscrutable. A boy goes for sympathy and companionship to his mother and sisters, not often to his father. Now a Don may do something to put this straight, if he has the will. One of the best friends I ever had was an elderly Don at my own College, who had been a contemporary of my father's. He liked young men ; and I used to consult him and ask his advice in things in which I could not consult my own contemporaries. It is not necessary to be extravagantly youthful to slap people on the back, to run with the college boat, though that

is very pleasant if it is done naturally. All that is wanted is to be accessible and quietly genial. And under such influences a young man may, without becoming elderly, get to understand the older point of view.

The difficulty is that one acquires habits and mannerisms ; one is crusty and gruff if interfered with. But, as Pater said, to acquire habits is failure in life. Of course, one must realize limitations, and learn in what regions one can be effective. But no one need be case-hardened, smoke-dried, angular. The worst of University is that one sees men lingering on because they must earn a living, and there is nothing else that they can do ; but for a human hearted, good-humoured and sensible man, a college life where it is easy and pleasant to practise benevolence and kindliness, and where a small investment of trouble pays a large percentage of happiness. Indeed, surveying it impartially—as impartially as I can—such a life seems to hold within it perhaps the greatest possibilities of happiness that life can hold. To have leisure and a degree of simple stateliness assured ; to live in a wholesome dignity ; to have the society of the young and generous ; to have lively and intelligent talk ; to have the choice of society and solitude alike ; to have one's working hours respected, and one's leisure hours solaced—is not this better than to drift into the so-called tide of professional success, with its dreary hours of work, its conventional domestic background ? No doubt the domestic background has its delights ; but one must pay a price

for everything, and I am more than willing to pay the price of celibacy for my independence.

The elderly Don in college rooms, interested in Greek particles, grumbling over his port wine, is a figure beloved by writers of fiction as a contract to all that is brave, and bright, and wholesome in life. Could there be a more hopeless misconception ? I do not know a single extant example of the species as the University. Personally, I have no love for Greek particles, and only for Greek particles, and only a very moderate taste for port wine. But I do love, with all my heart the grace of antiquity that mellows our crumbling courts, the old tradition of multifarious humanity that has century by century entwined itself with the very fabric of the place. I love the youthful spirit that flashes and brightens in every corner of the old courts, as the wall-flower that rises spring by spring with its rich orange-tawny hue, its wild scent, on the tops of our mouldering walls. It is a gracious and beautiful life for all who love peace and reflection, strength and youth. It is not a life for fiery and dominant natures, easy to conquer, keen to impress ; but it is a life for anyone who believes that the best rewards are not the brightest, who is willing humbly to lend a cheerful hand to listen as well as to speak. It is a life for anyone who has found that there is a world of tender, wistful, delicate emotions, subdued and soft impressions, in which it is peace to live ; for one who has learned, however dimly, that wise and faithful love, quiet and patient hope, are the bread by which the spirit is nourished—that religion is not an

intellectual or even an ecclesiastical thing, but a far-off and remote vision of the soul.

I know well the thoughts and hopes that I should desire to speak; but they are evasive, subtle things, and too often, like shy birds, will hardly let you approach them. But I would add that life has not been for me a dreamy thing, lived in soft fantastic reveries; indeed, it has been far the reverse. I have practised activity, I have mixed much with my fellows; I have taught, worked, organized, directed, I have watched men and boys; I have found infinite food for mirth, for interest, and even for grief. But I have grown to feel that the ambitions which we preach and the successes for which we prepare are very often nothing but a missing of the simple road, a troubled wandering among thorny by paths and dark mountains. I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life: that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and hardness, and coldness are the unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of deariness; that pleasure exists not in virtue of material conditions, but in the joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place; that congenial labour is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite common places, but are for me the bright jeweles which I have found beside the way.

It is, then, from College Windows that I look forth. But even so, though on the one hand I look upon the

green and sheltered garden, with its air of secluded recollection and repose, a place of quiet pacing to and fro, of sober and joyful musing ; yet on another side I see the court, with all its fresh and shifting life, its swift interchange of study and activity ; and on yet another side I can observe the street where the infinite pageant of humanity goes to and fro, a tide full of sound and foam, of business and laughter, and of sorrow, too, and sickness, and the funeral pomp of death.

This, then, is my point of view. I can truthfully say that it is not gloomy, and equally that is not uproarious. I can boast of no deep philosophy, for I feel, like Dr. Johnsons's simple friend Edwards, that 'I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher, but—I don't know how—cheerfulness was always breaking in.' Neither is it the point of view of a profound and erudite students, with a deep belief in the efficacy of useless knowledge. Neither am I a humorist, for I have loved beauty better than laughter ; nor a sentimentalist, for I have abhorred a weak dalliance with personal emotions. It is hard, then, to say what I am; but it is my hope that this may emerge. My desire is but to converse with my readers, to speak as in a comfortable *tete-a-tete*, of experience, and hope, and patience. I have no wish to disguise the hard and ugly things of life ; they are there, whether one is a professed psychologist or statistician, one gets little good by dwelling upon them. I have always believed that it is better to stimulate than to correct, to fortify rather than to punish, to help rather than to blame. It there is one attitude that

I fear and hate more than another it is the attitude of the cynic. I believe with all my soul in romance; that is, in a certain high-hearted, eager dealing with life. I think that one ought to expect to find things beautiful and people interesting, not to take delight in detecting meannesses and failures. And there is yet another class of temperament for which I have a deep detestation. I mean the assured, the positive, the Pharisaical temper, that believes itself to be impregnably in the right and its opponents indubitably in the wrong; the people who deal in axioms and certainties, who think that compromise is weak and originality vulgar. I detest authority in every form; I am a sincere republican. In literature, in art, in life, I think that the only conclusions worth coming to are one's own conclusions. If they march with the verdict of the connoisseurs, so much the better for the connoisseurs; if they do not so march, so much the better for oneself. Everyone cannot admire and love everything; but let a man look at things fairly and without prejudice, and make his own selection, holding to it firmly, but not endeavouring to impose his taste upon others; defending, if needs be, his preferences, but making no claim to authority.

The time of my life that I consider to have been wasted, from the intellectual point of view, was the time when I tried, in a spirit of dumb loyalty, to admire all the things that were said to be admirable. Better spent was the time when I was finding out that much that had received the world's approval was not to be approved, at least by me; best of all was the time when I was learning to appraise the value of things to

myself, and learning to love them for their own sake and mine.

Respect of a deferential and constitutional type is out of place in art and literature. It is a good enough guide to begin one's pilgrimage with, if one soon parts company from it. Rather one must learn to give honour where honour is due to bow down in true reverence before all spirits that are noble and adorable, whether they wear crowns and bear titles of honour, or whether they are simple and unnoted persons, who wear no gold on their garments.

Sincerity and simplicity ! if I could only say how I reverence them, how I desire to mould my life in accordance with them ! And I would learn, too, swiftly to detect the living spirits, whether they be young or old, in which these great qualities reign.

For I believe that there is in life a great and guarded city, of which we may be worthy to be citizens. We may, if we are blest, be always of the happy number by some kindly gift of God ; but we may also, through misadventure and pain, through errors and blunders, learn the way thither. And sometimes we discern the city afar off, with her radiant spires and towers, her walls of strength, her gates of pearl ; and there may come a day, too, when we have found the way thither, and enter in ; happy if we go no more out, but happy, too, even if we may not rest there, because we know that, however, far we wander, there is always a hearth for us and welcoming smiles.

I speak in a parable, but those who are finding the way will understand me, however, dimly ; and those who

have found the way, and seen a little of the glory of the place, will smile at the page and say : 'So he, too, is of the city.'

The city is known by many names, and wears different aspects to different hearts. But one thing is certain—that no one who has entered there is ever in any doubt again. He may wander far from the walls, he may visit it but rarely, but it stands there in peace and glory, the one true and real thing for him in mortal time and in whatever lies beyond.

THE ART OF POETRY

Richard Aldington

I

The following remarks are intended to express a theory of poetic style and a few general ideas on the art of poetry, I do not for the moment suppose that these ideas are new, but, rightly or wrongly, I believe that they embody certain principles of good writing in all times. They are the result of some thought on the problems involved, but I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness to the writings of Mr. F. S. Flint and Mr. Edouard Dujardin, who have recently expressed rather similar views. I see no reason why I should not add my conviction to theirs.

What is the purpose of poetry in modern life ? Let us begin by saying what it is not. Obviously, the purpose is nót ethical. The poet does not desire to improve the morals of his readers. The old cant of a poet's "message" is now completely discredited and the theory of "uplift" may be left to the unimportant provinces where it still flourishes. Didactic poetry is now almost universally recognised as an impertinence.

The danger of poetry's becoming a kind of after-dinner amusements is far greater than the danger of

its reverting to a method of moral instruction. Literature to-day is too cheap; poetry tends to become a sort of pleasant little hobby, something which "nice people" play with when there is nothing more amusing to do. People's minds are absorbed in commerce, sociology, politics. Literature has lost prestige. We are very far from the times when Lorenzo Valla's discourses on Latin grammar disturbed the supremacy of the Popes, and equally far from the mere recent times when a pamphlet by Chateaubriand re-established, at least temporarily, the dynasty of the Bourbons. Literature seems out of touch with men's lives, with their real interests. And so in their popular forms books are something people read to amuse themselves, to beguile a tedious railway journey, or to pass the long unemployed Sunday afternoon. Knowledge of modern literature, even in its more intellectual forms, and especially poetry, is an accomplishment, not a passion; an entertainment for idle women, not a real force.

Petrarch, who wept with emotion over that copy of Homer he could not read, would appear a very ridiculous sight to-day. Nobody would think of becoming emotional over the possession of a mere book, an object to amuse a few leisure hours. I do not suppose many people read modern poetry for mere amusement; but even here the motive is not so much a purely aesthetic enjoyment as a sort of snobbery, an outcome either of the foolish desire to know the latest fashion in poets or of that affectation of superior wisdom which claims a monopoly of culture.

I conclude, therefore, that poetry is neither a means of ethical instruction, an after-dinner amusement, nor the lawful prey of snobs and dilettani.

II

I have never found that any of the abstract or epigrammatical definitions of poetry I have read ever helped me to enjoy poetry more. So I am going to assume that there is an art of poetry and that this art deserves attention.

Normally it is considered necessary to draw a distinction between prose and poetry. I am not at all sure that any such distinction is possible, and I am inclined to believe that in literature there is only one art—the art of good writing, though this has innumerable forms. Of course, Monsieur Jourdain's distinction between prose and *verse* still holds good, but poetry is something quite independent of verse and verse forms. It we say that poetry is the finest type of creative writing—and that is what I claim for it—then I want to call the *Education Sentimentale* a poem. If we speak of a work like the *Orlando Furioso* as a poem, can we deny that praise to a work like *Du Cote de Chez Swann,* which contains beauties, perceptions and thoughts of which Ariosto was incapable ? I am not attacking the *Orlando*. I am only claiming that for us to-day *Du Cote de Chez Swann* is the finer poem. Is it only Ariosto's "ottava rima" and rhyme endings which Make his work poetry ? Is it only the lack of these devices which makes Mr. Proust not a poet ? Even if you make poetry a matter of verbal harmony—an opinion from which I violently dissent—there are in

M. Proust's book finer cadences, more lovely conjunctions of sound, more original rhythms even than in that melodious Italian work to which I have referred. May we not, then, say that all good creative writing is poetry, though this poetry has many forms? Non-creative writing is not poetry at all; but a distinction may be usefully made between objective poetry which deals with action and manners—in which case, the epic, the novel, the short story and the drama are congruous—and subjective poetry, which deals with personal emotions, subtle relations, in which case the form of the lyric or elegy or ode is proper. But this lyric utterance may perfectly well have the appearance of a short piece of prose, poem or a poem in *vers libre*. Such writting is sharply distinct from objective poetry, though there are gradations of each which approach the other. It is with poetry of this lyric type that I am here concerned.

The germ of my conception of good writing and hence of poetry and of the "lyric utterance" is contained in these words of Sainte-Beuve:

> The end and object of every original writer is to express what nobody has yet expressed, to render what nobody else is able to render.

In other words, before a man can properly be called a poet, he must convince us that he can give us something no one else can give. It is not that we except him to discover a wholly original content, which would probably be impossible. But we do expect personal vision from him. I agree with Mr. Flint that the first qualities to look for in a poet are sincerity, personality and style. Sincerity does not mean that a poet must

tell other people the truth ; it means that he must tell himself the truth. A poet is an artist whose medium is words, who expresses in words thoughts, emotions, and sensations as a painter expresses them in colour and a musician in sound. That sounds a truism, but it is of the highest importance that the poet should express *his* emotions, *his* sensations, *his* thoughts. All writers who call themselves poets imagine that they are sincere ; they all believe that they express their own thoughts and emotions and sensations. Actually they do nothing of the kind ; they repeat, more or less inaccurately the thoughts of others, the sensations of others, the emotions of others. Their impulse is vicarious : their words are approximate. That is not art ; it is not poetry. Books which are written without this sincerity, which is what Rossetti meant when he talked of "fundamental brain-work," are vain efforts, mere waste. Before the writer can give his thoughts, his vision of the world, he must discover them for himself, he must be sincere with himself. Then, however slender his talent, he is an artist, he is a poet.

This sincerity issimply a piece of elementary justice to the world in general and to reviewers in particular ; it is an examination of self to discover whether one really has any thing worth saying, or, in other words, whether one has personality. The extêrnal mark of personality is style. By style I do not mean that "correctness" of schoolmasters and professors which is dead rhetoric. I do not mean artificial graces, or singularity or affected speech ; I mean neither Euphusim nor Purism ; and I do not mean that absurd elegance which consists

in avoidng split infinitives, final prepositions and that repetition of one word twice in a sentence. These are the mere aping of style. Style is thinking, perceiving, and expressing oneself precisely and individually. Without sincerity (fundamental brain work) there is no personality ; without personality there is no style. And, we may add, if there is no style there is neither personality nor sincerity.

If we wish to discover whether a writer is a poet we must examine his style. This is the first elementary test. If his style is bad, if it is made up of conventional expressions, approximate phrases, dead or mixed metaphors; if we find he is using his medium, words, merely for their sound (as if he were a painter), for any quality first of all but their essential meaning ; then he is not a poet. He has broken the great rule for all writers : Use words according to their meaning. It is a profound error to suppose that all writers do this. A small minority, a very few in each generation are sufficiently, sincere, have enough personality to seek style, to use words according to their meaning. All the rest use words approximately, and theirs is an approximate art. Poetry has no place for mere intellectual counters. It has no place for stereotyped phrases, unconscious quotations of other men's works. It has no place for the dead metaphor, the metaphor which was striking when new, which was the expression of a real perception, but which through use and misuse has become a mere phrase, the counterfeit of an emotion. To judge a book of poetry, to make it pass the first test, examine the style. Look for the precise expression of thoughts really

thought, emotion really felt, perceptions really perceived. Look for the phrases which give one a sudden shock of illumination, which really evoke an object or convey a sensation. Examine the metaphors. If you find a writer's thought approximate, his phrases stereotyped, his metaphors dead, then you may conclude he is not one of the few who are privileged to make the world live for us with a life of their giving.

There are some critics who judge a poet by the noise which his words make, as if poetry were merely a matter of sound. That seems to me a false criticism, an ignoring of far more essential qualities. The rhythm of words is something spontaneous, developed inevitably by the writer's emotion ; it is not an artificial arrangement of syllables. Real rhythm comes from real emotion ; is not something copied from Milton or Shelley or Swinburne. A copied rhythm is false, the expression of a false or second-hand emotion. To put sound first and meaning afterwards in poetry is decadence. It is as decadent as the columns aud flutes in the Anthology or the "picture-poems" of Apollinaire. I am no enemy of the traditional verse forms of English poetry, and I can enjoy Keats or Donne, or even Chaucer, as well as the next man. But I am an enemy of conventional imitations. And I think that the centuries of intense production have somewhat exhausted the possibilities of our prosody. If our poetry is to be anything but a pastiche of masterpieces, we must get back to the essential qualities of poetry which may develop new methods of expression. *Vers libre*, which is still in the experimental stage, may be a move in the right direction.

It has certain advantages. It forces the writer to concentrate on meaning; it compels, or rather incites towards concision, exactness. It has the admirable result of reducing output. It forces a man to create his own rhythm instead of imitating other people's. The absence of the accepted rhetorical devices, the discounting of virtuosity force both writer and reader to look for more essential qualities. The pleasant devices of rhyme and harmonious metres may impose bad work upon us for a time, but emptiness is at once obvious in the naked structure of *vers libre*. It forces stock poeticisms, poetic *cliches*, pretty and sonorons words—all the useless cumbering of the poetaster. It brings one face to face with a human personality, not with a dictionary and a commonplace book.

III

As I began by stating generally what poetry is not, so I shall begin here by quoting a piece of writing which is not poetry:

> "Do not think, Eve, I do not know you, Eve,
> Sailing your body down this London way.
> Sowing the air with rosy loves to weave
> Around us, Eve—or is it Lesbia?
>
> Robed in the graces of all Paradise
> In body, Eve, or is it in the soul?
> Circe, Medusa, whose enchanting eyes
> The script of Nature's debt shall here unroll."

Consider these lines carefully. The first line, if a little clumsy, is quite plain. The next introduces us to the metaphor "sailing your body." Now, when the writer put down those words, did he have a vision of a street as a river, a woman as a boat, gliding on the

waves between banks of houses? If he did, he was sincere, he was a poet. But, if he had no such vision, if he merely used a phrase he had heard, or if he used "sailing" not to express "sailing" but only motion, then he was not sincere, he was not a poet. Let us grant him his sailing body, and, with that image he has evoked in our minds, let us read a little further. "Rosy loves" is a *cliche*, a dead phrase. But I, at least, am amazed to find that the "sailing body", has now begun to "sow," not seeds, but "rosy loves" which perform the singular fact of "weaving around us Eve." What does he mean? What is this curious monster, more odd than that described in the *Ars Poetica*, which is at once a sailing boat and a sower of such peculiar seed? Surely the words "sailing" "sow," and "weave" are used without any reference to their meaning? There is no thought, no vision here. There is only rhetoric.

The next quatrain is even worse. If we are to believe in the writer's sincerity, we must now visualise a sailing body which sowed rosy loves and then becomes Circe, Medusa, Lesbia, and Eve, "robed in the graces" (a *cliche*). And lastly we are introduced to the enormity of "enchanting" eyes which perform the most singular feat of unrolling a script, the script of "Nature's debt," whatever that may be. Perhaps a misapprehension of certain metaphors of Shakespeare and Henely. Does all this mean anything? Does it give us anything? Did the writer feel any emotion but that of a confused mind? Is there personality, sincerity, style in those lines? I do not think so. I do not think that is poetry.

In order to be quite fair, it was originally my intention to analyse a piece of bad *vers libre* in the same way, but considerations of space forbid. I regret it, because the analysis was instructive, if only because it showed how much more difficult it is to impose mere emptiness on the reader when *vers libre* is used.

IV

These are two poems in *vers libre* which I should very much have liked to quote as examples of fine writing, but both Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's *On Heaven* and Mr. F. S. Flint's *Otherworld* are far too long a curious comment, by the way, on the usual journalist's complaint, that *verse libre* poems are too short! Here is a piece of writing by Mr. D. H. Lawrence:

"It is not long since, here among all these folk
In London, I should have held myself
of no accou nt whatever,
but should have stood aside and made them way,
thinking that they, perhaps,
had more right than I—for who was I ?
Now I see them just the same, and watch them.
But of what account do I hold them ?
Especially the young women. I look at them
as they dart and flash
before the shops, like wagtails on the edge of a pool.
If I pass them close, or any man,
like sharp slim wagtails they flash a little aside,
pretending to avoid us ; yet all the time
calculating.

They think that we adore them—alas, would it were true!
Probably they think all men adore them,
whosoever they pass by.

What is it, that, from their faces fresh as spring,
such fair, fresh, alert, first-flower faces,
like lavender, crocuses, snowdrops, like Roman hyacinths,
scillas and yellow haired hellebore, jonquils, anemones,
even the sulphur auriculas,
flowers that come first from the darkness, and feel cold to the touch,
flowers scentless or pungent, ammoniacal almost;
what is that, from the faces of the fair young women,
comes like a pungent scent, a vibration beneath
that startles me, alarms me, stirs up a repulsion?
They are the issue of acrid winter, these first-flower young women;
their smell is lacerating and repellant,
it smells of burning snow,
of earth, winter-pressed, strangled in corruption;
it is the scent of the fiery-cold dregs of corruption,
when destruction soaks through the mortified, decomposing earth,
and the last fires of dissolution burn in the bosom of the ground.
They are the flowers of ice-vivid mortification,
thaw-cold, ice-corrupt blossoms,
with a loveliness I loathe;
for what kind of ice-rotten, hot-aching heart must they need to root in!'

If we examine that piece of writing, we shall notice that it really says something, that it has a significance. Words are used here for their meaning; there is no *cliche*, no dead metaphor. It is vivid, realised, and appeals directly to our senses, to see the colour and shape of these flowers, to feel the coldness of their touch, to realise the scents which are so elaborately defined.

The thoughts, the emotions, the sensations which it "presents" may be something one dislikes, but that is not the point if it has the essential qualities. I think it has, and I think we are justified in calling it a poem.

Here is something of a different kind, a piece of writing which is less acrid, more personal, the record of an humble instead of a rather arrogant soul, but equally an experience and a reflection.

IMMORTALITY

"Tired faces,
eyes that have never seen the world,
bodies that have never lived in air,
lips that have never minted speech.
They are the clipped and garbled,
blocking the highway.
They swarm and eddy
between the banks of glowing shops
towards the red meat,
the potherbs.
the cheapjacks,
or surge in
before the swift rush of the clanging trams—
pitiful, ugly, mean,
encumbering.
Immortal ? . . .
In a wood,
watching the shadow of a bird
leap from frond of bracken,
I am immortal,
perhaps.
But these ?
Their souls are naphtha lamps,
guttering in an odour of carious teeth,
and I die with them. . ."

F. S. FLINT.

Now, whereas, Mr. Lawrence's poem was rather complex, this is rather simple, a mood based on a contrast, an impingement of harsh reality on ideal beauty. So, as is natural, the first was broken into eight different strophes, the latter into only two ; an example of instinctive form. The meaning of this poem is clear, adequately realised. First we get a London street, the spiritually maimed, physically thwarted people, the glowing shops, the street stalls with shouting men, the confused movement and noise. Then, after a pause the writer gives us his reflection, his significance. Can the minds, the desires, the passions of these crushed souls, creating and created by this hell, be immortal ? A sensitive mind, one which would naturally delight in silent solitude among trees, such might be immortal ; but these other souls, like flaring, smoky lamps, seem doomed to oblivion and seem also to involve others in their disaster. I think we may say that it is a poem, that it has the essential qualities of poetry, though the scene be sordid and the mood one of despair.

These two poems are records of experiences in the life of a modern city. Here is a piece of writing of a more refined and abstract nature :

"Be in me as the eternal moods
  of the bleak wind, and not
As transient things are—
  gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
  of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.

> Let the gods speak softly of us
> In days hereafter,
> The shadowy flowers of Orcus
> Remember Thee."

ERZA POUND.

That is very different in content from the perceding poems ; it is not " experiential " but a reverie, a rather exquisite mood of affection. I think it needs no analysis to show the sincerity, personality, and style of that piece of writing. Its simplicity, its masterly use of words, the absence of *cliche* of thought and phrase, are sufficiently obvious.

V

The poem I am about to quote is sharply different from the others I have cited. It is subtle, elusive, rather philosophic, tragical and symbolic ; it is set in no particular age or climate, and yet every image is sharp and clear cut, every perception realised. It is a poem of great emotion restrained by intellect. What it has to to tell is the tragedy of the artist's worship of beatuy, his almost religious devotion, his agony and loss, and his knowledge that, in spite of this, he can do nothing but worship. Beauty is figured as a goddess, a statue in a shrine looking over the sea, a perilous and rocky sea, no safe harbour for merchants. The quiet men, those who are not marked by the fate of the lover of beauty, find this beauty evil, something to avoid. But beauty is unsheltered, set in the midst of thunder and sea and hail. This beauty is useless, a lure to disaster, if by disaster. we mean wordly failure. The landsmen, the crowd, are certain this beauty is useless, but for her lovers "honey is not more sweet than the salt stretch of your beach."

The mood changes to one of terror. This perception of loveliness brings with it a strange agony, that grief which Plato says is an inevitable part of the passionate love of beauty. It is a sorrow which seems to cleave the very bones, to stun and dazzle. Wise men, the prudent, the insensitive, gave warning of this, proved that beauty was useless, its service fatal. And yet some are doomed to this barren agony which is also delight. And since the hands of the goddess have touched them, " the waves, never thrust us back from the splendour of your ragged coast."

THE SHRINE

("She looks over the Sea.")

I

"Are your rocks shelter for ships—
have you sent galleys from your beach,
are you gurarded—a safe crescent—
where the tide lifts them back to port—
are you full and sweet,
tempting the quiet,
to depart in their trading ships ?
Nay, you are great, fierce, evil—
you are the land-blight—
you have tempted men
but they perished on your cliffs.
Your lights are but dank shoals,
slate and pebble and wet shells
and seaweed fastened to the rocks.
It was evil—evil
when they found you,
when the quiet men looked at you—
they sought a headland
shaded with ledge of cliff

from the wind-blast.
But you—you are unsheltered,
cut with the weight of wind—
you shudder when it strikes,
then lift, swelled with the blast—
you sink as the tide sinks,
you shrill under hail, and sound
thunder when thunder sounds.
You are useless—
when the tides swirl
your boulders cut and wreck
the staggering ships.

II

You are useless,
O grave, O beautiful,
the landsmen tell it—I have heard—
you are useless.
And the wind sounds with this
and the sea
where rollers shot with blue
cut under deeper blue.
O but stay, tender, enchanted
where wave lengths cut you
apart from all the rest—
for we have found you,
we watch the splendour of you,
we thread throat on throat of freesia
for your shelf.
You are not forgot,
O plunder of lilies,
honey is not more sweet
than the salt stretch of your beach.

III

Stay—stay—
terror has caught us now,

we passed the men in ships,
we dared deeper than the fisher-folk
and you strike us with terror,
O bright shaft.
Flame passes under us
and sparks that unknot the flesh,
sorrow, splitting bone from bone,
splendour athwart our eyes
and rifts in the splendour,
sparks and scattered light.
Many warned us of this,
men said:
there are wrecks on the fore-beach,
wind will beat your ship,
there is no shelter in that headland,
it is useless waste, that edge,
that front of rock—
sea-gulls clang beyond the breakers,
none venture to that spot.

IV

But hail—
as the tide slackens,
as the wind beats out,
as the spirit betrayeth,
we hail this shore—
between the headland
and the farther rocks.
Though oak-beams split,
and the strait grind sand with sand
and cut boulders to sand and drift—
your eyes have pardoned our faults,
your hands have touched us—
you have leaned forward a little
and the waves can never thrust us back
from the splendour of your ragged coast."

H. D.

Had I permitted myself to go for examples to contemporary French poets, I could have fitted myself out handsomely from the works of men like Laforgue, Rimbaud, Viele-Griffin, Regnier, Verhaeren, Romains, Spire, Valery, Vildrac, Duhamel, to mention only a few. But it seemed preferable to stick to English examples. The medium of another language necessitates a certain readjustment, though, if we are considering the essential qualities of writing, the principles advanced in this article apply just as well, a virtue which can hardly be claimed by those who make prosody their foot-rule. Of course, every man brings to literature his own temperament, his own prejudices and qualities; it is an old truism. But not everyone who admires Shakespeare admires the best in him, not everyone can tell you what he admires in the great Elizabethan, similarly, not everyone who denounces the works of Miss X, the popular novelist, can give an adequate critical reason for his horror. Even the principles laid down here, simple as they are, will be interpreted by each person according to his former convictions. I do not desire to convert people to my views even if they are right, because, if they are right, honest independent thought will come to similar conclusion by different means. Dishonest thought is of no permanent importance. And if my views are wrong, I should not like to have misled anyone.

WHY NOT STAY AT HOME?

Aldous Huxley

Some people travel on business, some in search of health. But it is neither the sickly nor the men of affairs who fill the Grand Hotels and the pockets of their proprietors. It is those who travel 'for pleasure,' as the phrase goes. What Epicurus, who never travelled except when he was banished, sought in his own garden, our tourists seek abroad. And do they find their happiness? Those who frequent the places where they resort must often find this question, with a tentative answer in the negative, fairly forced upon them. For tourists are, in the main, a very gloomy-looking tribe. I have seen much brighter faces at a funeral than in the Piazza of St. Mark's. Only when they can band together and pretend, for a brief, precarious hour, that they are at home, do the majority of tourists look really happy. One wonders why they come abroad.

The fact is that very few travellers really like travelling. If they go to the trouble and expense of travelling, it is not so much from curiosity, for fun, or because they like to see things beautiful and strange, as out of a kind of snobbery. People travel for the same reason as they collect works of art: because the best people do it. To have been to certain spots on the earth's surface is socially correct; and having been there,

one is superior to those who have not. Moreover, travelling gives one something to talk about when one gets home. The subjects of conversation are not so numerous that one can neglect an opportunity of adding to one's store.

To justify this snobbery, a series of myths has gradually been elaborated. The places which it is socially smart to have visited are aureoled with glamour, till they are made to appear, for those who have not been there, like so many fabled Babylons or Bagdads. Those who have travelled have a personal interest in cultivating and disseminating these fables. For if Paris and Monte Carlo are really so marvellous as it is generally supposed, by the inhabitants of Bradford or Milwaukee, of Tomsk and Bergen, that they are—why, then, the merit of the travellers who have actually visited these places is the greater, and their superiority over the stay-at-homes the more enormous. It is for this reason (and because they pay the hotel propietors and the steamship companies) that the fables are studiously kept alive.

Few things are more pathetic than the spectacle of inexperienced travellers, brought up on these myths, desperately doing their best to make external reality square with fable. It is for the sake of the myths and, less consciously, in the name of snobbery that they left their homes; to admit disappointment in the reality would be to admit their own foolishness in having believed the fables and would detract from their merit in having undertaken the pilgrimage. Out of the hundreds thousands of Anglo-Saxons who frequent the night clubs and dancing-saloons of Paris, there are a good many, no

doubt, who genuinely like that sort of thing. But there are also very many who do not. In their hearts, secretly, they are bored and a little disgusted. But they have been brought up to believe in a fabulous " Gay Paree," where everything is deliriously exciting and where alone it is possible to see what is technically known as Life. Conscientiously, therefore, they strive, when they come to Paris, to be gay. Night after night the dance halls and the bordellos are thronged by serious young compatriots of Emerson and Matthew Arnold, earneslty engaged in trying to see life, neither very steadily nor whole, through the ever thickening mists of Heidsieck and Roederer.

Still more courageously determined are their female companions ; for they, mostly (unless they are extremely 'modern'), have not the Roederer to assist them in finding Paris gay. The saddest sight I ever saw was in a Montmartre *boite* at about five o'clock of an autumn morning. At a table in a corner of the hall sat three young American girls, quite unattended, adventurously seeing life by themselves. In front of them, on the table, stood the regulation bottles of champagne but for preference—perhaps on principle—they were sipping lemonade. The jazz band played on monotonously ; the tired drummer nodded over his drums, the saxophonist yawned into his saxophone. In couples, in staggering groups, the guests departed. But grimly, indomitable, in spite of their fatigue, in spite of the boredom which so clearly expressed itself on their charming and ingenuous face, the three young girls sat on. They were still there when I left at sunrise. What stories, I reflected, they would tell when they got home again ! And how envious

they would make their untravelled friends. ' Paris is just wonderful...........'

To the Parisians, the fable brings in several hundred miliards of good money. They give it a generous publicity : business is business. But if I were the manager of a Montmartre dancing-saloon, I think I should tell my waiters to act their gay parts with a little more conviction. 'My men,' I should say to them, ' you ought to look as though you believed in the fable out of which we make our living. 'Smile, be merry. Your present expression, which is a mingling of weariness, disgusted contempt for your clients and cynical rapacity, is not inspring. One day the clients might be sober enough to notice it. And where should we be then ?'

But Paris and Monte are not the only resorts of pilgrimage. There are also Rome and Florence. There are picture galleries, churches and ruins as well as shops and casinos. And the snobbery which decrees that one must like Art--or, to be more accurate, that one should have visited the places where Art is to be seen - is almost as tyrannous as that which bids one visit the places where one can see Life.

All of us are more or less interested in Life—even in that rather smelly slice of it that is to be found in Montmartre. But a taste for Art—or at any rate the sort of art that is found in galleries and churches—is by no means universal. Hence the case of the poor tourists who, from motives of snobbery visit Rome and Florence, is even more pathetic than the case of those who repair for the same reasons to Paris and Monte Carlo. Tourists ' doing ' a church wear a mask of dutiful interest ; but

what lassitude, what utter weariness of spirit looks out, too often at their eyes! And the weariness is felt, within, still more acutely, because precisely of the necessity of simulating this rapt attentiveness of even going hypocritically into raptures over the things that are starred in the Baedeker. There come moments when flesh and blood can stand the strain no longer. Philistinism absolutely refuses to pay the tribute it owes to taste. Exasperated and defiant, the tourist swears that he won't so much as put his nose inside another church, preferring to spend his days in the lounge of the hotel, reading the continental *Daily Mail*.

I remember witnessing one of these rebellions at Venice. A motor boat company advertising afternoon excursions to the island of Torcello. We booked our seats and at the appointed time set off, in company with seven or eight other tourists. Romantic in its desolation. Torcello rose out of the lagoon. The boatmen drew up at the side of a mouldering jetty. A quarter of a mile away, through the fields, stood the church. It contains some of the most beautiful mosaics in Italy. We climbed on shore—all of us with the exception of one strong-minded American couple who, on learning that the object of interest on this island was only another church decided to remain comfortably seated in the boat till the rest of the party should return. I admired them for their firmness and their honesty. But at the same time, it seemed to me rather a melancholy thing that they should have come all this way and spent all that money, merely for the pleasure of sitting in a motor boat tied to a rotting wharf. And they were only at

Venice. Their Italian ordeal had hardly begun. Padua Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, Florence, Siena. Perugia, Assisi and Rome, with all their innumerable churches and pictures, had still to be looked at, before - the blessed goal of Naples finally reached—they could be permitted to take the liner home again across the Atlantic. Poor slaves, I thought ; and of how exacting a master.

We call such people travellers because they do not stay at home. But they are not genuine travellers, not travellers born. For they travel, not for travelling's sake, but for convention's. They set out, nourished on fables and fantastical hopes, return whether they avow it or not, disappointed. Their interest in the real and actual being insufficiently lively, they hanker after mythology, and the facts, however curious, beautiful and varied, are a disillusionment. It is only the society of their fellow-tourists, with whom they conspire, every now and then, to make a little oasis of home in the foreign wilderness, coupled with the consciousness of a social duty done, that keeps them even moderately cheerful in the face of the depressing facts of travel.

Your genuine traveller, on the other hand, is so much interested in real things that he does not find it necessary to believe in fables. He is insatiably curious, he loves what is unfamiliarity, he takes pleasure in every manifestation of beauty. It would be absurd, of course, to say that he is never bored. For it is practically impossible to travel without being sometimes bored. For the tourist, a large part of almost every day is necessarily empty. Much time, to begin

with, must be spent in merely getting from place to place. And when the sights have been seen, the sight-seer finds himself physically weary and with nothing particular to do. At home, among one's regular occupations one is never bored. Ennui is essentially a holiday feeling. (Is it not the chronic disease of the leisured ?) It is for that very reason that your true traveller finds boredom rather agreeable than painful. It is the symbol of his liberty - his excessive freedom. He accepts his boredom, when it comes, not merely philosophically, but almost with pleasure.

For the born traveller, travelling is a besetting vice. Like other vices it is imperious, demanding its victim's time, money, energy and the sacrifice of his comfort. It claims and the born traveller gives, willingly, even eagerly. Most vices, it may be added parentheticallay, demand considerable self sacrifices. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a vicious life is a life of uninterrupted pleasure. It is a life almost as wearisome and painful—if strenuously led—as Christian's in The Pilgrim's Progress. The chief difference between Christian and the vicious man is that the first gets something out of his hardships—gets it here and now in the shape of a certain spiritual well-being, to say nothing of what he may get in that sadly problematical Jarusalem beyond the river—while the second gets nothing, except, perhaps, gout and general paralysis of the insane.

The vice of travelling, it is true, does not necessarily bring with it these two particular diseases ; nor indeed any diseases at all, unless your wanderings take you as

far as the tropics. No bodily diseases ; for travelling is not a vice of the body (which it mortifies) but of the mind. Your traveller-for-travelling's-sake is like your desultory reader—a man addicted to mental self-indulgence.

Like all other vicious men, the reader, and the traveller have a whole armoury of justifications with which to defend themselves. Reading and travelling, they say, broaden the mind, stimulate imagination, are a liberal education. And so on. These are specious arguments ; but nobody is very much impressed by them. For though it may be quite true that, for certain people, desultory reading and aimless travelling are richly educative, it is not for that reason that most true readers and travellers born indulge their tastes. We read and travel, not that we may broaden and enrich our minds, but that we may pleasantly forget they exist. We love reading and travelling because they are the most delightful of all the many substitutes. That is why they are not every man's diversion. The congenital reader or traveller is one of those more fastidious spirits who cannot find the distractions they require in betting, mah-jongg, drink, golf or fox-trots.

There exist a few, a very few, who travel and for that matter, who read, with purpose and a definite system. This is a morally admirable class. And it is the class to which, in general, the people who achieve something in the world belong. Not always, however, by any means. For also, one may have a high purpose and a fine character, but no talent. Some of the most self-indulgent and aimless of travellers and readers have known how to profit by their vices. Desultory reading was Dr. Johnson's besetting sin ; he read every book

that came under his hand and none to the end. And yet his achievement was not small. And there are frivolous travellers, like Beckford who have gone about the world, indulging their wanton curiosity, to almost as good purpose. Virtue is its own reward: but the grapes which talent knows how to pluck—are they not a little sour?

With me, travelling is frankly a vice. The temptation to indulge in it is one which I find almost as hard to resist as the temptation to read promiscuously, omnivorously and without purpose. From time to time, it is true, I make a desperate resolution to mend my ways. I sketch out programmes of useful, serious reading; I try to turn my rambling voyages into systematic tours through the history of art and civilization. But without much success. After a little I relapse into my old bad ways. Deplorable weakness! I try to comfort myself with the hope that even my vices may be of some profit to me.

—*Along The Road.*

NOTES

J. A. SYMONDS (1840–93)

John Addington Symonds was educated at Harrow from where he went to Balliol College, Oxford for his Degree. At the University he won the coveted Newdigate prize and established his reputation as a scholar and a young man of literary promise. In 1862 he was elected a fellow of Magdalen. Symonds's fruitful study of Italian and Greek Art, over eleven years, found systematic formulation in his 'History of the Renaissance in Italy' which was completed in 1886. In the field of English literature his most considerable work was on Shakespeare's predecessors in English Drama. Symonds, constitutionally very frail and unable to stand the rigours of a Northern climate, was obliged to spend most of his life in Italy. His travel sketches show that he was a keen observer of life and a shrewd judge of Art.

Symonds's essay provides for this small anthology of English prose the correct perspective for assessing and evaluating the literary merit of each selection in relation to the peculiar genius of the author and the restrictive or helpful influences of his milieu. All art is, essentially, a reflection of the individual being of the artist, and every individual is conditioned by the temper of his environment. Modes of thought grip whole generations and the manner and metaphor of the times is usually the only expression available to the literary artist. Therefore, the study of prose selections of a chronological diversity is of fascinating interest. Symonds has based his observation on the time-worn adage, *The style is the man*, implying that what a man writes, and the way he writes it is determined by the kind of man he is morally and temperamentally. The whole being of the writer, his fads and fancies, hopes

and fears, the peace or tumult that is in his soul, inevitably affects his mode of expression. In itself Symonds's essay is a fine example of the critical essay as it developed towards the close of the 19th Century. His style and manner are marked by cumulative effects; phrases are piled up and emphasis is sought through repetition and insistent illustrations,

PERSONAL STYLE

The dominant qualities of each mother-tongue: the soul of speech, what the Germans would call *spracgefuhl.* Every language has its own peculiar idiom and genius.

'An art to find the mind's construction': Shakespeare: Macbeth Act I. Sc. 4.

Le style c'est L'homme (French) 'the style is the man': Comte de Buffon's remark in his discourse on taking his seat in the Academy,-August 25, 1753. 'Le style est L'homme mene' — the style is the very man.

Victor Hugo: (1802—85). French poet and novelist, author of *Les Miserables.*

Leopardi. (1798—1837) an Italian poet.

Heine: (1797—1856): German poet and miscellaneous writer.

Fletcher: a very prolific dramatist of the generation that followed Shakespeare. His name is generally coupled with that of his collaborator Beaumont.

Aeschylus: (525—456 B. C.). the great Greek dramatist and poet of Athens, in a way the founder of the Greek drama, who introduced a second actor into the play.

Sophocles: (495—406 B. C.). the Athenian dramatist whose growing popularity was the despair and ultimate ruin of Aeschylus.

Corneille: Pierre (1606—1684), the French tragic dramatist whose *Cid, Le Menteur,* and other plays emphasised a new directive force in the development of French tragedy.

Racine: Jean, (1639—99), French dramatist, the younger rival of Corneille, best known by his *Phedre* and *Athalie.*

Geoethe : Johann Wolfgang Von. (1749–1832), celebrated German poet and writer whose influence on English writers and thinkers of the 19th Century was considerable. His dramatic poem *Faust* is one of the world's greatest litearry works.

Cicero: (106—43 B.C.) also known as Tully—a Roman consul, philosopher and orator.

Gibbon : Edward, (1737-1794), the English hiftorian, author of the monumental *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Rousseau : Jean-Jacques (1712—78) : The great unorthodox French thinker whose *Confessions* and *Social Contract* paved the way for the French Revolution.

Alfieri : (1749—1803), Italian dramatist, with more than 25 plays to his credit.

Goldoni : Carlo (1707—93), Italian writer of comedies, whose work gave a new pattern to the Italian stage comedy.

John Stuart Mill : (1806–73), one of the most eminent Victorians who exercised considerable influence on the social and political trends of his time by his analytical discourses.

Michelangelo Buonarroti, (1475–1564), the great Italian sculptor painter, and poet. Robert Browning too illustrates this point in his poem *One Word More.*

Sistine Chapel : Sistine (or more usually Sixtine) pertaining to Sixtus : the Chapel built by Pope Sixtus IV, and decorated by Michelangelo, forms part of the Vatican—the residence of the Popes of Rome.

Petrarch : Francesco, (1304–74) the romantic Italian poet, whose odes and sonnets 'To Laura' are uniqne for their sentiment and beauty.

Gustave Dore : (1833—1883), a famous French artist who painted scriptural scenes and illustrated the works of Milton, Dante and Tennyson.

FRANCIS BACON (1561—1626)

Francis Bacon, the younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, was born in London in 1561. He received his early education

under the strict discipline which his mother deemed necessary for the young. In 1573 he was admitted to the Trinity College Cambridge. Three years later he became a student of law at Gray's Inn and was called to the bar in 1582. For several years he sat in the House of Commons as member for various boroughs. An ambitious young man, Bacon sought the favour of Queen Elizabeth and her powerful courtiers. He became a follower of the Earl of Essex, but when that unfortunate nobleman fell from royal favour Bacon assisted in having the charge of treason proved against him. When Essex was executed Bacon drew up the declaration of the charge against his former patron. Upon the accession of James I, Bacon tried harder than ever to obtain preferment, and advocated the King's policy in Parliament. In 1603 he was knighted and was granted pension. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General and in 1613 Attorney-General. With advancement his ambition grew and be adopted all devices, flattery, hypocrisy and treachery to rise higher at Court. In 1617 Bacon was appointed Lord Keeper and a year later Lord Chancellor.

Then came Bacon's fall. His enemies accused him of accepting bribes and proved their case. He was fined and removed from office. He retired to the country and took up his literary labours. In 1626 he caught a chill, while engaged in stuffing a chicken with snow to observe the effects of cold on the preservation of flesh, and died after a few day's illness.

Pope has summed up Bacon as 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind'. Bacon is one of the earliest of English Philosophers who held and preached that scientific inquiry and not authority is the source of all knowledge. His *Advancement of Learning*, first, published in 1605, and *Novum Organum* published in 1620, contain most of his philosophy of science and its importance in human life.

Bacon is one of the earliest and greatest English prose stylists. His essays contain some of his best writing. His knowledge of the world as a courtier, jurist and scholar was considerable and he brought to bear on it one of the coolest and

most analytical minds of his age. The result was a deep and realistic understanding of human affairs. The only shortcoming in his practical philosophy was that he attached little importance to higher considerations of honesty, uprightness and integrity. He viewed life as a series of expedient compromises aimed at the achievement of material wealth and power. Bacon's style is unique of its kind. He had the gift of terse and concise expression unequalled by any other English writer. He puts the worldly wisdom that he learned during his strenuous career in sentences of singular force, simplicity and brevity. Many of his sayings, short and epigrammatic, have become proverbial.

OF FRIENDSHIP

This essay was first published in 1612, but was entirely re-written for the edition of 1625 The practical tone of the essay shows Bacon's preference for a wordlywise philosophy of life in contrast to the traditional concept of friendship as an attribute of human idealism and instinctive virtue :—

whosoever.........god : from Aristotle's *Politics*.

aversation : aversion.

conversation : manner or way of life.

Epimenides : a poet and prophetic seer of the 7th century B. C.

Numa : Romulus's successor as King of Rom—founder of the Roman Geremonial Law.

Empedocles : a Sicilian poet and philosopher of the 5th century B. C., who is supposed to have died in 'exploring' the volcanic crater at Etna.

Apollonius : "a great city is a great solitude."

Sarza, steel, flower of sulphur, castoreum : popular names of some drugs, of Bacon's time. *Sarza*- sarsaparilla : *steel*- chalybate remedy and *cassareum*—an oil from the glands of the beaver.

Privadoes : private friends (*Spanish*).

Participes curarum : (*Latin*) 'Sharers of sorrow'.

L. Sylla......... : Sylla and Popmey were Roman generals; great friends at first, but in the later days of the Roman Republic turned against each other.

the pursuit : *i.e.*, the support of another candidate by Sylla.

Julius Caesar, Decimus, Brutus : *cf.* Shakespeare's account of the personal relations of these fri ends and events of the period in his play *Julius Ceasar*.

Augustus, Aggrippa-Maecenas : Emperor Augustus's chief advisers were his son-in-law, Agrippa, and Maecenas, a wealthy patron of literature.

Sejanus : a favourite adviser of Emperor Tiberius; was put to death in 31 A.D. for treason and conspiracy against his master.

Haec........ Occultavi : (Tacitus) I have told you this in consideration of our friendship.

Septimius Severus. an African soldier (146—211 A. D.), who, on ascending the throne of Rome, gave to his fellow country-man Plautianus great power and influence. Plautianus's end was, however, similar to that of Sejanus.

Comineus : a 15th century French historian. His *memoires* narrate the wars of Louis XI with Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

Pythagoras : Greek philosopher (6th Century B. C.) see Plutarch's essay, *Of the Education of Children* from where this saying is reproduced Bacon's essay.

Themistocles : (5th Cent. B.C.) *cf.* plutarch's *Life* of Themistocles.

Heraclitus : Greek philosopher (535-475 B. C.)

St. James : See *James* 1, 23-24.

Four and twenty letters. The lack of clear distinction between *i* and *j*, and *u* and *v*, accounts for this number.

THOMAS FULLER (1608—1661)

Thomes Fuller was horn in 1608 in Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire. His father was a clergyman and his early education was coloured by literary and religious influences. He studied at queen's College, Cambridge for his Master

of Arts Degree. Fuller was twenty-two when he was appointed to the curacy of St. Benet's. As a curate he preached the Sermons which were published in 1654 under the title of *Lectures on Job.* Within four years of his entry into the Church, Fuller was made the Rector of Broadwinsom in Dorsetshire. During the Civil War, he firmly adhered to the Royalist cause, But the victories of the Parliament brought with them difficult circumstances for Fuller. His pen, however, was constantly active and he produced, among other works, a *History of the Holy War* and *The Holy and Profane States.* His *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* and *Good thoughts in Worse Times* were written to hearten the royalists. With the Restoration, Fuller received back the preferments he had been deprived of. In 1660 he became Doctor of Divinty at Cambridge and was made Chaplain to the King.

A mechanical aspect of the style of an older day is the frequent use of certain conjunctive words and phrases *e. g. whereas, thereof,* etc. Most of the archaic flavour of prose like Fuller's is due to such mannerisms. Apart from this, the older writing has many virtues, notably the use of concrete words and imagery in place of the amorphous, vaguely defined emotional and associational symbols that have 'enriched' the English language in modern times. Prose writings of the 16th and 17th centuries are clear in intention and statement, and if they appear naive and dogmatic, it is because the modern reader has been conditioned to the non-committal tendencious writing of the present age which, more often than not, swarms with evasions and reservations. Fuller's prose shows an originality and felicity of statement and illustration rare among his contemporaries. He is an admirable narrator and in his literary ventures seems to be impelled with the fervour of a reformer and a patriot. He often has recourse to homely metaphors which light up his theme and humanise it. Unlike some of his ecclesiastical contemporaries Fuller avoids the complex latinized sentences and expresses himself with incisive brevity and directness.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

The selection comes from *The Holy state* (1642) Book II, Chap. XVI, which is essentially a collection of portraits of those who exemplify, in their existence and work, Fuller's concept of the 'good life'. The portraits reveal Fuller's shrewd observation of the social types of his own day, and the sketches are done with a certain charm of manner all the more delightful for his broad humanity and quaint humour.

Ferula : the proverbial rod of the schoolmaster.

by the proxy of an usher : by the employment of an inferior assistant.

his genius, etc. ; the first of eight 'maxims', each of which begins a paragraph in this essay.

Cooper's Dictionary : a standard text-book, written by the Bishop of Winchester, first published in 1565.

ingenious : bright by nature.

Bristol Diamonds : small quartz crystals found near Bristol.

lees : dregs.

Orient : Clear.

Cockering ; Fondling.

in a peculiar : i.e. under special privilege.

Paidotribes : a teacher of wrestling and gymnastics.

Paidogogas : a teacher of the arts and sciences.

Orbibius : Orbibius Pupillus, the teacher of Horace, who indulged in severe flogging of his pupils.

in forma pauperis : as a 'poor scholar'.

gingle : jingle.

Roger Ascham : (1515-63) was the author of the *Schoolmaster* (1570).

Dr. Whitaker : Jeremiah Whitaker (1599—1654) a Puritan divine.

Richard Mulcaster : (1530—1611) was the first Headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School in London.

Launcelot Andrews : (1555—1626). Bishop of Winchester.

Thesus: (Greek mytholooy). A legendry king of Athens.

OF NATURAL FOOLS

Philistines: enemies of Isrealites: a martial race inhabiting the ancient southern Palestine.

Samson: a prisoner in the hands of Philistines—see the *Books of Judges.*

Tully: Cicero (see page 188).

Mediocriter: moderately.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

Sir Richard Steele was born in Dublin in 1672. His parents died when he was a child and young Richard was put under the care of his uncle. After his schooling at Charterhouse he went to Oxford where he met Addison. He left Oxford without taking a degree and in 1664 enlisted in the Horse Guards. His literary talents had begun to show while he was at college and he wrote some verses and a number of plays between 1695 and 1706. Profiting by his position and experience as Government Gazetteer, to which post he was appointed in 1707, he brought out in 1709 a bi-weekly journal, *The Tatler* in collaboration with his friend, Joseph Addison. *The Tatler* was followed by *The Spectator* which appeared till 1712, and was in turn succeeded by *The Guardian.* Those were the days when men of letters wielded considerable influence with the Government and Steele frequently wrote for his political party. But he lost his position as Gazetteer through his brave championing of the Whig cause and was expelled from the Parliament in 1714 to which he had been returned earlier. When his party came into power he was knighted but soon after was in heavy financial difficulties. The death of his wife, and estrangement from Addi. son made him give up the social life of London, and go into the country where he died in 1729.

Steele was a lovable, large-hearted man, sensitive to the degree of being sentimental. He had a vast share of human sympathy, and was generous to a fault. The inimitable good

humour and urbanity of manner, which made his writings popular during his life-time, continue to appeal to generations of readers. Steele was not a man of the world in the hard, materialistic sense, but in a very real way he understood human relationships and social problems. His essays exude the goodwill and warmth of feeling which made him a lovable friend. His is a simple, informal style, conversational in tone with a fine blend of gentle irony and genial good humour.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

This essay was published on March 2, 1711, in *The Spectator*.

Haec alii...... : Six more at least join their consenting voice. (*Juvenal*).

Sir Roger : Sir John Pakington of Worcestershire, a Tory, is said to have been the model for Sir Roger de Coverley.

Soho Equare: on the south side of Oxford Street, a new and the most fashionable part of London in Steele's time.

Lord Rochester : (1647—1680) poet and a man of fashion.

Sir George Etherage : (1639—1694) an English dramatist.

Bully Dawson : a notorious gamester and swaggerer.

Justice of the Quorum : Justice of the peace. who with other judges constituted the country court, which met quarterly in the Quarter Session.

Inner Temple : one of the four sets of buildings in London inhabited by students and Barristers-at-law (Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn).

Aristotle : the allusion is to his *Poetics*.

Longinus : the writer of the treatise, *On the Sublime* (3rd cent. A. D.)

Littleton Or Cooke : English legal authorities on real property ; Littleton (1402—1481) : Cooke (1552—1634), edited Littleton's work with his commentary.

New-Inn : an annexe of the Middle Temple (see above).

Russel Court : a passage for pedestrians between Drury Lane Theatre and Covent Garden.

Will's Tavern : the famous Coffee-houe, a rendevous of the social celebrities of the city.

The Rose : a tavern in Russel street.

Captain Sentry : is supposed to have been suggested by Col. Kempenfelt, the father of the ill-fated commancer of the "Royal George."

Will Honey Comb : has been identified with a certain Col. William Cleland.

Duke of Monmouth : (1649—1685) the illegitimate son of Charles II, famous for his fine manners. He was executed after his unsuccessful rebellion in 1685.

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW

The essay forms No. 113 of *The Spectator* and appeared on July 10, 1711.

Haerent...... : 'Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.'

the perverse Widow : thought by some to be Mrs. Catherine Beavy, a widow at 22, whom Steele knew intimately.

With a Murrian to her ; "Confound her".

Billets : notes.

Tansy : a baked dish made of eggs, sugar and juice of herbs with other ingredients.

Martial : Latin poet (1st Cent. A. D.)

Dum-loquitur : 'Even when silent he speaks of her'.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709—1784)

Samuel Johnson, the son of a bookseller, was born at Lichfield. Samuel went to the local school and was soon recognised as a boy of great intellectual promise. In 1728 he went to Oxford where he made his mark as a student of Greek and Latin classics, but lack of financial means compelled him to leave the university without taking a degree. He tried to become a schoolmaster, got married and went around in search of employment that would yield a living. This was a period of great adversity for

Johnson but he struggled manfully. He wrote for magazines and reproduced Parliamentary Debates and, as time passed, his scholarship and strength of character began to be recognised. In 1747 he drafted the plans for his famous Dictionary. With great perseverance he set about compiling his monumental work and at the same time did much hack writing to earn a living. The 'Dictionary' was published in 1755 and the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. His most popular romance *Rasselas* appeared in 1759. With the grant of a Government pension (£s. 200/- a year) in 1762 he was assured of a comfortable living for the rest of his life. In 1763 he founded his famous 'literary club' and made the acquaintance of his future biographer James Boswell. The year 1765 saw the publication of his edition of Shakespeare. Afterwards his greatest work, *The Lives of Great Poets* (10 vols) occupied most of his time till 1781. His last years were clouded by ill-health and the loss of his great friends, Goldsmith and Thrale, but honours were showered on him and his contemporaries acknowledged him a dictator in the world of literature. He died in 1784 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson held a unique position in the world of letters in his day. Because of his frankness, his hatred of humbug and his indubitable scholarship, a circle of admiring friends collected round him. He ruled the contemporary literary world like a monarch and people took delight in his oddities and his witty conversation. His writings reflect the spirit of his times. Johnson's is a scholar's style with mouth-filling words cropping up everywhere in his sentences. As a prose-writer he lacks both the lightness and easy grace of Addison and the familiar charm of Lamb : yet his ponderous sentences have an oratorical rhythm and sonority which gives them a distinctive character.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

This essay appeared in the *Rambler* on April 30, 1751. It is a good example of Johnson's earliar style, his use of

latinized vocabulary and sentence structure.

Olympus, or Parnassus ; the traditional abodes, respectively, of the legendry gods and the muses of Greece.

Vale of Tempe : a beautiful Thessalian valley, lying south of Mt. Olympus.

Flexures of Meander : the winding or mazy curves of the river Meander (Asia Minor).

Ida : a mountain in Asia Minor. (also in Crete which has mythological associations).

Pythagoras : (6th Cent. B. C.) Greek Philosopher.

Tibullus : (Ist Cent. B. C.) an elegiac Roman Poet.

Lucretius : 1st Cent. B. C.) a Roman Poet.

Hippocrates : Greek physician known to the Greeks as the 'Father of Medicine' (3rd cent. B. C.)

Hypertatus : 'at the very top'.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1668 –1774)

Oliver Goldsmith, a clergyman's son, was born in Roscommon village in 1728. He went to various schools and then entered Trinity College, Dublin. His studies at the University were interrupted because of his clashing with the authorities, but he finally graduated in 1749. After unsuccessful attempts at entering the Church and the Law, he tried to become a physician and studied medicine half-heartedly for two years at Edinburgh. Giving up his studies in disgust, he crossed over to the continent and travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, keeping himself, so he said, by disputing at the Universities and playing the flute. He returned to London in 1756, almost penniless. For the next three years he tried his hand at almost everything and ultimately found his career as a journalist. His collection of essays in *The Bee* and *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* appeared in 1759. He did a lot of miscellaneous work of real merit and in 1764 the publication of *The Traveller* established his reputation as a writer of English verse. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) brought him name as a novelist, while *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773 secured him fame in the field of

drama. His death in 1774 was brought about by overwork and anxiety.

Goldsmith had a charming, companionable personality which won him many friends in all walks of life. He had the gift of an easy, attractive style which many a more learned man might envy. His humanity, his humour, and his boundless charity stamp everything he wrote. He writes with almost limpid clearness without much circumlocution, using both Saxon and Latin words, knowing that the latter help out the deficiencies of the native vocabulary. The saying 'style is the man' is most apt in its application to Goldsmith's essay *The Distresses of a Common Soldier*. Of all the 18th Century prose writers Goldsmith comes nearest to the moderns in style and manner, though no modern essayist would write four long paragraphs by way of 'reflections' to introduce the story and point out the moral in the end.

CHARLES LAMB (1775—1834)

Charles Lamb, the son of a lawyer's clerk, was a Londoner. After a few years at Christ's Hospital, the famous charity school, he took a salaried job in the India office and toiled at the accountant's desk for full thirty-five years. In 1796 his sister Mary killed his mother in a fit of insanity and to save her from the mad house Lamb assumed her guardianship This responsibility precluded the possibility of his own happiness, for Lamb never married. It was in the few hours of leisure, snatched away from his laborious duties in the office and the watchful care of his sister at home, that Lamb wrote most of his charming poems and essays. But his earliest ventures in literature showed merit which only a few recognised. His first success was, *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807) in which Charles did the tragedies and his sister Mary the comedies. His contributions to the various magazines were anonymous. In 1818, however, appeared his first collection of verse and prose. Two years later he joined the staff of the *London Magazine* and contributed his famous essays signed 'Elia'. These were published in a separate volume in 1823, the second series followed in 1833.

Of all his contemporary writers Lamb was an essayist with an intensely personal style and the *Essays of Elia* are perhaps the finest collection of personal essays in any language, inimitable for their style and sentiment, their quaint humour, tender pathos and wistful grace. Lamb was essentially a Londoner. London life supplied him with his richest materials and yet his mind was so saturated with the pure idiom, and spirit of the old writer that it is difficult to say whether Lamb was not really an old writer himself who by some accident lived a century or two after his real time.

His style has a peculiar and most subtle charm– not the result of labour, for it has the same perfection in his familiar letters —the charm of a certain quaint streak of imagination and sensibility imbued as it was by the rich and solid reading in which he delighted. As a humorist his pleasantry is inseparably alloyed with the truest pathos. He possessed the power of conveying a deep philosophical verity in a jest ; perhaps the quip on his tongue is an inevitable commentary on the tear which trembles in his eye. This essay is typical of the whimsical, tender-hearted, bookish old bachelor and shows Lamb's art as well as his artifice.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

Alcibides : A brilliant profligate Athenian Commander (450-404 B. C.)

Falstaff : Sir John Falstaff in Shakerspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry IV*.

Brinsley : Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist.

Tooke : John Horne (1786—1812) the son of a poulterer.

Lene tormentum : Mild stimulus.

Lazarus and Dives : See *Luke XVI* : 20.

Ralph Bigod : John Fenwick, editor of the *Albion* who traced his descent from the Earl of Norfolk (1135-1205).

Comus : A pagan god, invented by Milton, who waylays travellers and tempts them to drink a magic liquor which changes their faces into those of wild animals.

Hagar's offspring : Ishmael ; Gen. 21 : 9—21.

Cana fides : A pledge of truth.

Switzer-like. Like tall swiss guards at the Vatican.

Ascapart : The giant who was defeated and later made to embrace Christianity. The story is given in Drayton's *Polyalbian*.

S.—*C*olcridge, Samuel Taylor, the poet. (1772—1834).

K.—Kenney, dramatist, author of *Raising the Wind*.

Zimmerman : Swiss physician and moralist, court physician to George III in Hanover.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778—1830)

William Hazlitt, son of a Unitarian minister, was educated as an artist but lived by literature. His chief works are *Principles of Human Actions, Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, Table Talk, Lectures* on various authors, *Essays* on English novelists and a *Life of Napolean* in 4 volumes. He was one of the best critics of the early 19th century and his personal contact with the poets of his generation influenced their work to a considerable extent. If we make allowance for his political prejudices and certain other paradoxes in his life, then there is no one among the early 19th century critics to compare with Hazlitt in point of keen, sympathetic and reasoned appreciation of literature and art. Hazlitt was a man of extensive sympathies and his essays range from ordinary topics like a prize-fight to recondite and abstrue metaphysical problems of life and death. Endowed with immense intellectual energy and gift of picturesque phrase and neat epigram, he was a formidable controversialist. His style is simple and elegant with a certain richness of illustrative detail which he cannot repress. He is allusive, sometimes, it would appear, with a vengeance ; but he always writes with force and vigour characteristic of a healthy relish for life. While in his essays Hazlitt expresses himself in racy and virile prose, in his lectures on literary subjects he adopts the tone of an orator and his prose acquires a certain sweep and grander.

OF THE FEAR OF DEATH

And our little life is rounded with a sleep : Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

Bickerstaff : Issac Bickerstaff, the editor of the *Tatler*.

Perdus : Close ; hidden.

Mortified : Literally, killed : (play on the original and the current meaning ef the word).

The downfall of Bourbons : Notice Hazlitt's display of his own political views. He was a Republican.

Chantry : A port of London.

Confound : Destory (Elizabethan sense of the word).

Room : Absence.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795—1881)

Thomas Carlyle was the son of "James Carlyle, Mason" of Ecclefechan, a border village in Dumfriesshire. He received his early schooling in his place of birth and proceeded to Edinburgh University in 1809. His early plans for entering the Church were abandoned and he became a school teacher in his county parish. Later, he moved to Edinburgh where along with teaching he pursued German studies. He tried Law, but found it distasteful and gave it up. Through the influence of a friend, Edward Irving, he obtained a tutorship in a wealthy family. He used his leisure in translating Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and writing *The Life of Schiller* which was published in 1825 This made him known in English and German literary circles. A year later he married Miss Jane Welsh and moved to live on her farm at Craigenputtock. For seven years he was there contributing articles on Goethe, Schiller, Burns, Johnson, etc. and writing a *History of German Literature*. The earliest work which stamped him, in the eyes of the more discerning, as a writer of exceptional strength and intensity was his *Sartor Resartus*, (1833), which though written for publication as a book had to be cut up for insertion in the successive numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*, because no publisher would have anything to do with it. It was

in America that it appeared in the dignity of a book giving the young author his first public encouragement. His real vocation was now determind and in 1834 he took up residence in London 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which was to be his home till death. For three years he worked on his *History of The French Revolution*. Its publication in 1837 brought him fame and a widespread recognition of his tremendous power as a writer with a peculiar style of his own. His next three publications, *Chartism* (1839) *Heroes and Hero-worship* (1841) and *Past and Present* (1843) shocked the social world by their startling condemnation of the current political and social views of the upper middle class. For the rest of his life Carlyle's attitude was of pronounced antagonism to the general movement of the age ; its aspirations, opinions, principles, pursuits stirred him with righteous scorn and he denounced in thunderous eloquence what he called its hollowness, dishonesty, love of shams, of windy talk, of glitter and show. Besides his lectures expounding his philosophy of heroworship, Carlyle planned and worked on his monumental *History of Friedrich the Great* which was completed in 1865. In 1866 Carlyle was installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, but the death of his wife that year was a cruel blow of fate and he felt as if 'the light of his life went out' though Carlyle survived her by fifteen years.

Carlyle is as individual in style as he is in his outlook on life. Curious revivals, fantastic compounds after the German model trouble a reader who approaches Carlyle not without awe for the first time. But these peculiarities are essential to the expression of his thought. His style, peculiar, grotesque puzzling, distracting as it is, sprang from no affectation ; it is the natural clothing of such thought and feelings as Carlyle struggles to utter, the natural outcome of the man's character, and indeed, an essential part of the man. Carlyle was looked upon as a minor prophet in his own day, and his style is the eloquent raving of an inspired visionary. His crabbed Scottish temper, fired with the impulsive force of genius gives his prose its great emotional content and explosive rehetoric, often punctuated

with exclamations. His pen scatters about his pages splashes of colour. His figures may be sometimes grotesque but they are neither lifeless nor inert. Few historians have possessed Carlyle's creative vigour and the sense of drama.

MARIE-ANTIONETTE

This selection relating to the trial of the ill-starred Queen of France, Marie Antionette, shows how Carlyle has brought vivid dramatic reality to the art of historical narration, partly by his fresh method of arranging his material and partly by inventing a new style of composition suggesting the storm and strees of these cataclysmic events which otherwise could not be fully represented by the flowing, well-balanced sentences of Gibbon.

Widow Capet : The name by which the revolutionaries called the Queen of France, wife of Louis XIV. Louis had already been guillotined. The republicans had refused to recognize any titles.

Dis : The god of the underworld ; same as the Greek Pluto.

Hebert Rene : (1755—94) a French orator who indulged in politics.

Roberspierre : (1758–84) a French lawyer who took a leading part in the Revolution. He was himself guillotined in 1794.

Section : Division of the city of Paris.

Tuileries : For long the residence of the kings of France.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803—1882)

Emerson was born in a clerical family in Boston, U,S.A. He graduated from Harvard University and after teaching in a number of schools entered the Unitarian Church as a pastor in 1829. There years later, his independent and unorthodox opinions on Christianity aroused criticism and he was obliged to resign his place in the Church, His sorrow at leaving his church, almost his profession, was lost at the time in his greater grief for his wife, who had died a few months earlier. To recover himself, he made his first trip abroad, and saw Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and above all,

Carlyle whom he visited at Craigenputtock. After his European tour Emerson wrote, lectured and preached. In 1835 he re-married and settled in Concord, Massachusetts, his home for the rest of his life. His first book *Nature*, upon which he had been working for some years, was published in 1836. He wrote of the uses of nature considering the universe as 'commodity or language' : but his real theme is the indepen-dence and unity of man. In 1837, he delivered his Phi Beta Kapa oration on 'The American Scholar,' and his "Divinity School Address" was given in 1838. The first volume of his *Essays* was published in 1841, and the second series in 1844. Three years later came his *Poems*. Emerson returned to England in 1847 and delivered a series of lectures on *Representative Men*. His social and philosophical writings earned him distinction in the intellectual circles of Europe. This trip furnishhed him with the material for *English Traits*, (1856). In 1860 appeared *The Conduct of Life*. In his last years loss of memory rendered his other faculties practically useless. He died on April 27, 1882.

A man of singular purity of mind, Emerson was the chief moral influence in the early 19th century American life. As a writer of English prose, Emerson uses simple and vivid style of almost crystalline purity His sentences are formed of simple short clauses and carry a robust verve of vigeur. The essay on *Gifts* provides a window through which we catch a glimpse of a beautiful pious nature replete with humanity, kindness and a chaste delicacy of thought and feeling.

GIFTS

This essay is taken from *Essays* : *Second Series* (1844). It was originally contributed to the *Dial*.

Cocker : fondle.

Commodities : articles of commeerce.

Pertinences : appropriate occasions.

"Brother" : the counsel of Epimeteus to his brother Prometheus. (Hesiod : *Works and Days*).

Timons : See Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. He was prodigal of his gifts.

Buddhist. Emerson had a great admiration for Buddhism.

Likeness : real community of feeling and tastes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888)

Arnold was the eldest son of the famous Headmaster of Rugby, Dr. Arnold. He recieved his early schooling at Rugby from where he went to Oxford. He had a distinguished record at the University and was elected a fellow of Oriel in 1844. For four years he acted as private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, then a Minister in the British Cabinet. In 1851 he was appointed an inspector of schools and made a study of the state of education in English and European countries, writing valuable reports for the guidance of government policy. He devoted the early years of his life to poetry and published three volumes of verse between 1848 and 1853. In 1857 he became Professor of Poetry at Oxford and held the chair for ten years. During his Professorship he turned his attention to literary and social criticism and published among other volumes, *Essays in Criticism* (1865) and *Culture and Anarchy* (1869). Arnold held objective views on Christianity and went to the extent of making an appraisal of Scripture from the point of view of a literary critic. His *Literature and Dogma* was published in 1873- He went to the United States on a lecture tour in 1884. The Government granted him a pension in recognition of his work as a man of letters. Arnold died a sudden death in 1888.

Imbued with the best traditions of classical learning, Arnold applied to the literary and educational problems of his age a mind at once rich and thoughtful. Of less appeal, though of undoubted excellence, as a poet, Arnold has won, in his keen and lucid criticism, a preeminent position of a brilliant critic of literature, culture and religion. He advocated a high moral content for all forms of Arts and insisted on well-balanced and clear cut exposition. His own style in prose sometimes lacks

the precision of Cardinal Newman, and is occasionally marred by a certain unseemly repetition. But his vocabulary is select, and he often attains to an excellent felicity of phrase.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

This essays is taken from the first and most important chapter of *Culture and Anarchy* (1869). Its purpose is to define true culture and to show how it may overpower the unintelligent and anti-social thought of Arnold's time. Culture, Arnold defines, as a study of perfection, that is, the harmonious expansion of all the powers of human nature. It is attained by a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world, by the free play of the mind over the facts of life, and by a sympathetic attitude towards all that is beautiful. For a definition of culture, Arnold borrows a phrase from Swift 'Sweetness and Light', the first indicating the sense of beauty and the second, the active intelligence. Against this ideal are marshalled all the undisciplined forces of the age—prejudice, narrowness, faith in machinery, whether governmental, economic or religious, in short, an unthinking individualism leading to Anarchy.

In the Quarterly Review : i. e, for January 1866.

Saint Beuve : a distinguished French critic (1804—1869).

Curiosity : for an earliar insistence on the value of this quality, see Arnold's essay "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time."

Montesquieu : a celebrated French Jurist and Philosopher (1689—1755).

Bishop Wilson: Thomas Wilson (1663—1755) whose *Maxims* Arnold praised. Arnold here paraphrases one of the maxims.

Religion says : Luke, XVII. 21.

I have said... : in 'The study of Celtic Literature.' (1867).

"To promote the Kingdom : Bishop Wilson's *Sermons* ; 34th.

Jeremiahs : complaining prophets : Arnold himself was sometimes dubbed an "elegent Jeremiah."

Mr. Roebuck : John Arthur Roebuck (1802—1879) member of Parliament.

Philistine : Arnold's pet term for the materialist middle class Englishman. The term gained currency in Germany and was used before Arnold by Goethe, and Carlyle.

Battle of the Books : an allegory (1704) by Swift presenting the quarrel between the partisans of ancient and modern literature. Using the Bee to symbolise the ancients and the pider the moderns, Swift, siding with the ancients makes the spokesman of the bees say : "Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

Abelard : Pierre (1079—1142) the brilliant and popular teacher of Paris, who had romantic passion for Heloise.

OSCAR WILDE (1856—1900)

Oscar Wilde was the son of Sir W.R.W. Wilde, a distinguished Surgeon and President of the Irish Academy. His mother was as accomplished as his father, and besides being eminent in fashionable society, was a poetess of some merit. As such, young Oscar had all the initial advantages for the role of a leader in the cultural life of his country. Having distinguished himself in classics at Trinity College, Dublin, Wilde went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1874. He won the Newdigate prize in 1878, with his poem *Ravenna*. During his stay at Oxford he was prominent in associating himself with what was later known as the Aesthetic movement having 'Art for Art's Sake' as its creed. Wilde affected a lackadaisical effiminate pose, very often exciting ridicule. Later, as the author of several works of undoubted dramatic and literary ability, he was one of the prominent personalities of his times. But Wilde's inclination towards the unconventional and unusual took the form of perversion and the law of a less tolerant age condemned him to

two years' hard labour. It was a melancholy ending to what was undoubtedly a singularly brilliant literary career. For such a man, the mental suffering and agony which he endured during the term of imprisonment can hardly be described. His rueful experience is enshrined in his *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* 1898 and *De Profundis* : Our selection is taken from the latter which he wrote during his incarceration and shows the scar of the wound he had sustained. The genuine feeling of remorse and the courage in despair of one so horribly afflicted give *De Profundis* its deep poignant appeal almost uparalleled in the whole range of literature for its sincerity and pathos.

ON SUFFERING

a low byword : name of a person or, place used to typify something mean or iniquitous or foolish.

the thin beaten-out leaf of tremulous gold : the leaf of an electroscope, an instrument for detecting the presence and quality of electricity.

to wash the feet of the poor : Christain practice for the priest to wash the feet of the poor at Christmas-time, as a mark of humility and dedication to the service of the poor. The practice originated in Christ's washing the feet of his Apostles.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS (1857—1927)

Samuel McChord Crothers was born in Oswego, Illinois, U.S.A. He was educated at St. Wittenberg College and Princeton. He was trained for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary and the Harvard Divinity School, and served in Nevada and California as a Presbyterian minister. In 1882 he entered the Unitarian Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He published in addition to other works, several volumes of genial essays, including *The Gentle Reader* (1903) *Among Friends* (1908), *The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord* (1916) and *The Cheerful Giver* (1923).

A compatriot of Ralph Waldo Emerson and sharing his missonary zeal, Crothers is much more refreshing in his

unostentatious geniality and psychological understanding of the the people he would preach to. His is any easy, convesational, colloquial manner, with a humorous twist of the phrase, but the theme is developed with an undertone of deep persuasive thought.

EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE

This essay is taken from Crothers' *The Dame School of Experience, and other Papers* (1920).

Frederick the Great : Frederick II, King of Prussia (1740—1786).

Voltaire : The celebrated French philosopher and author (1694—1718).

Elba : an island off the coast of Tuscany where Napolean lived in exile after the Treaty of Paris (1814).

two Dromios : the twin servante of identical appearance in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors.*

Stanley—Livingstone : Henry M. Stanley (1841—1904) and David Livingstone (1813—1873). were African explorers, the former, as a correspondent of the New York Herald, found Livingstone in 1869 in the heart of Africa after an absence of more than a year.

Supererogation : the act of doing more than duty requires.

Junius : the pseudonym of an Engiish political writer (1768—72) cousidered by many to be Sir Philip Francis (1740—1818).

his lost Atlantis : the mythical island of Atlantis in the Atlantic Ocean, said by ancient writers to have been sunk by an earthquake. The reference is also to Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* in which he describes the ideal commonwealth of the island.

Dogberry : the stupid constable in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Joseph made haste : *Genisis* : XLIII, 30-31.

Saint Paul : See *Galatians* V, 7.

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1925)

When Joseph Conrad was born in Ukraine, his parents, who were of Polish origin, named him Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski, little suspecting that their body would one day write short stories in a foreign language that would make him famous all over the world. Conrad 's earliest love was the Sea. He was seventeen when he first became a sailor and for twenty years he sailed the seas in British merchant ships. Conrad had known French from his childhood but he was twenty-three when he learnt the English language and used it as the most suitable medium for self-expression. In 1886 he became a naturalized British subject and obtained his Master Mariner's Certificate. He remained at sea until 1894, and a year later appeared his first novel, *Almayar's Folly*. His greatest novel, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* was published in 1897. Then followed after regular intervals, *Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, *Chance*, *The Rescue* and *The Rover*, besides many collections of short stories.

Conrad wrote mostly about the sea, and all of his major stories deal with the life of sailors, a life he had known for twenty years of the most formative period of his life. No English writer has depicted the sea in all its phases with as much understanding as Conrad had of its mighty vagaries. His Polish origin and aristocratic birth did not stand in the way of his becoming a master of English but these certainly influenced him to write in a style which is different from the normal, traditional English style. His genius was a poetic one. He saw in the main, great generalities forming before his eyes like clouds coming over the horizon, to be coloured by sun or moonlight, according to time and mood ; these make his style lyrical, and his prose irridescent and luminous.

A. C. BENSON (1862—1925)

Benson was Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, from 1915 to his death. He was a versatile man of letters—a charming poet, a judicious critic and an excellent historian. His output was considerable and some of it of the highest merit. As an essayist, both in style and handling of his subjects, he was akin to the earlier generation of writers. He takes the reader into his confidence by his quiet, unostentatious manner. In his essays he displays a keen eye for nature and a graceful turn of fancy, which contrast strongly with the matter of fact style and severely logical handling of his themes in his critical assessment of literature and art.

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW

This essay was written for the *Cornhill Magazine*. It was later published in a collection of essays which takes its title from this essay.

Edward Fitz Gerald : (1809—88) the translator of the *Rubaiyat-i-Omar Khayyam*.

A full-fledged dilettante : One devoted to the love of arts. Dilettantism is often used in a depreciating sense to imply the desultory and amateurish pursuit of art.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Richard Aldington, the well-known critic, poet, novelist, and journalist was born in Hampshire in 1892. He was educated at Dover College and at the University of London, but he left the University without taking a Degree. Richard was a precocious boy and wrote Poetry when he was only fifteen. He early fell in with the group of writers who sponsored the artistic creed of Imagism, and in 1913 was the literary editor of the *Egoist*. At about this time he abjured poetry almost completely and devoted himself to prose, especially fiction.

The wave of patriotism which swept England on the out-break of World War I landed Aldington in the British Army as a private. He rose to commissioned rank and when

the War drew to a close, was demobilized as a bad case of shell-shock.

The need for making a living perhaps saved Aldington from becoming a nervous derelict. He was employed to review French books for the *Times Literary Supplement*, and by degrees drifted back into the stream of literature and journalism.

Aldington's early associates were energetically concerned with determining the role of literature in modern life, and this preoccupation seems to have been expressed by him in *The Art of Poetry*. The combative tone in which Aldington has dealt with the significance of poetry in contemporary life, becomes one who was among the early crusaders of *The Egoist*. Aldington saw the grim reality of war at first hand and his impatience with the soul-less materialism which has caused poetry to become a pastime of the dilettante, is as direct and pointed as it is just.

Aldington's prose has the clarity and lucidity of the man with a mission. His journalistic training has contributed not a little to the evolution of his staccato and precise style. The meandering senence, replete with parenthetic digression, is not for him. He builds up his theme in short precise statements, which form constituent elements of a subtle harmony in the architecture of the paragraph.

THE ART OF POETRY

F. S. Flint : (Frank Stewart Flint) born in 1885, was a poet and a critic who translated French poem, including those of Verhaeren mctioned later.

Edouard Dujardin : a French Scholar and critic.

Lorenzo Valla : a 15th century Italian classical scholar, was also secretary to Pope Nicholas V.

Chateaubriand : a great French writer and politician. The pamphlet referred to was *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, published in 1814.

Petrrach : Franeco Petrarca, (1304—1374) a noble Italian poet.

Mons Jourdin : a character in Moliere's *Bourge Geniil-homme*.

Education Sentimentale : a novel by Gustave Flaubert published in 1869.

Orland Furioso : a poem by Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533).

Du Cote de Chev Swann : by Marcel Proust. Published in 1922 it forms the first of a series of five stories entitled *a la Recherche du tenp perda.*

Saint Beauve : Charles Augustin Srint-Beauve (1801—1869) perhaps the greatest Franch Critic.

Euphuism : a balanced and affected form of prose in the manner of John Lyly's *Euphus.*

Purism : the affectation of over-scrupulousness in style.

Appollinaire : Guillame Appollinaire, a 20th century French wrirer of stories.

Anthology : the Greek Anthology, a collection of choice Greek poems made between the 10th and 13th centuries A.D.

Donne : John Donne (1573–1631) one of the 'metaphysical poets.'

Pastiche : a mixture of various things.

Henely ; William Ernest Henely (1849—1903), poet, critic, and dramatist, a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Orcus : Pluto, the God of the lower world, the world after death.

La forgue, etc. : a number of French poets of the first two decades of the 20th century.

ALDOUS HUXLEY (1894—)

Huxley was born in Godalming, Surrey. He is the grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, (1825-1895), the great biologist and a great-nephew of Matthew Arnold (1822—88). Inheriting the great cultural and scientific traditions of his family, Huxley has brought to bear on literature and art, in all their forms, a ruthless critical intelligence. His work is marked by an audacious spirit of inquiry and satiric fancy. He has been one of most prolific and versatile men of letters of the first half of the 20th century, reflecting in his work the shifting emphasis of critical and social thought on the cultu-

ral life of his own day. In contrast to A.C. Benson's gentle and quietly reflective prose, Huxley's is a kind of brilliant and cultivated conversation with a certain derisive tinge of snobbishimpatience for the familiar and the traditional. He is an essayist of provocative ideas, expounded in 'scintillating alternations of generalizations and particular examples, statement and restatement.' *Why Not Stay at Home?* was published in 1825 in his collection of essays *All Along the Road*, when Huxley was staying in Italy.